

The American Girl

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MARCH

For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

1939



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G I R L S C O U T B I R T H D A Y I S S U E

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THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

CONTENTS for MARCH, 1939

Cover Design	Lawrence Wilbur
The Daughters of Edward Boit—From a painting by John Singer Sargent	4

STORIES

Bobo and the Artistic Urge—Edith Ballinger Price. Illustrated by Merle Reed	5
Carol's Winter Robin—Marian Wildman Fenner. Illustrated by Ruth Steed	11
Pandora's Box—Chesley Kahmann. Illustrated by Will Hammell	17
Snow Stars, II—Marguerite Aspinwall. Illustrated by Harvé Stein	22

ARTICLES

Can Girls Be Lawyers?—Dorothy Kenyon. Illustrated by S. Wendell Campbell	8
Not a Nice Story—Randolph Bartlett. Illustrated with photographs	14
The Young Poet Talks on Poetry—Robert P. Tristram Coffin. Illustrated by Richard Bennett	24
The Magic of the Needle—Chester Marsh. Illustrated with photographs	30

POEMS

Gray Winter Sky—Birdsall Otis Edey	10
Matilda's Woolwork—Margaret Widdemer.—Decoration by Dorothy Bayley	20

GIRL SCOUT FEATURES

Girl Scouts Celebrate a Birthday	26
Girl Scouts Are Prepared	28

DEPARTMENTS

In Step with the Times—Latrobe Carroll	34	A Penny for Your Thoughts	44
What's On the Air?	37	Laugh and Grow Scout	47
What's On the Screen?	39	When Stamps Are Your Hobby—Osborne B. Bond	48
Good Times with Books—Nora Beust	40	American Painters Series, XIV: John Anthony	43
Make Your Own Clothes—Elizabeth	43	Singer Sargent—M.C.	50

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Subscription price: \$1.50 for one year, \$2.00 for two years. Canadian, \$2.20 extra a year for postage, \$4.00 for two years; foreign, \$.60 extra a year for postage, \$1.20 for two years. Remit by money orders for foreign or Canadian subscriptions.

ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVES: Ofstie, Willcox & Associates, Graybar Building, New York City; Powers & Stone, First National Bank Building, Chicago, Ill.; Dorr & Corbett, Old South Building, Boston, Mass.; Warwick S. Carpenter, 29 E. de la Guerra, Santa Barbara, Cal.

Published monthly by Girl Scouts, Inc., 350 Dennison Ave., Dayton, Ohio. Address all correspondence to the Executive and Editorial offices at Girl Scout National Headquarters, 14 West 49th Street, New York, N. Y. Copyright, 1939, Girl Scouts, Inc., in the United States and Canada. Reprinting not permitted except by special authorization. Entered as second-class matter July 30, 1936, at the Post Office at Dayton, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized November 17, 1921.

VOLUME XXII

Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations

NUMBER III

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For a biographical note about the artist, see page 50

Courtesy, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Massachusetts

AMERICAN PAINTERS SERIES

XIV - THE DAUGHTERS OF EDWARD BOIT

painted by

JOHN SINGER SARGENT

THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

MARCH • 1939

BOBO AND THE ARTISTIC URGE

Illustrated by
MERLE REED

By EDITH
BALLINGER
PRICE

JANE BURKE, patrol leader, took a long and not too enthusiastic look around the gymnasium where Red Rose Troop was rather languidly performing the routine activities of a meeting.

"I wish," she said explosively, "that there were more *pep* about Girl Scouting in this town. Something new, different, unexpected; something that would keep us on our toes."

"How can you wish for anything but Bobo Witherspoon?" grinned Vera. "She answers the description perfectly."

"Bobo Witherspoon is a minor pest," groaned Jane as she thought of the youngest member of her patrol—that unique personality who had already set off so many unforeseen firecrackers, as it were, around her sister Scouts. "She's *too* unsettling. I mean, you simply never know what next."

"It's been all to the good, so far," Helen reminded Jane. "Think of the far-reaching influence of that Girl Shout Week of hers on the whole community."

"And the impression she made on those frozen-up old ladies she gave the tea to, by mistake!"

"And what she did to Mr. Bristle! Never would have had a day camp, nor a shack even, if she hadn't melted him."

"It's a great wonder she didn't melt him straight into the hospital," Jane grumbled, "the way she racketted him around through the woods. Anyway, she never *means* to pull off these wonderful results. She simply blunders into them through her unspeakably childlike ignorance. No, I mean something new and *stimulating*. Let's leave Bobo out."



"HI, YOU!" MR. BRISTLE SHOUTED, BRANDISHING HIS STICK, WHILE BOBO WATCHED WITH EXPECTANT EYES

Bobo Witherspoon won't disappoint her fans in this new story in which Mr. Bristle unknowingly aids her in responding to the artistic urge

"You can't," said Betty. "Here she comes."

Bobo Witherspoon was indeed advancing towards the corner where Jane's patrol was in a huddle over the problems of Girl Scouting. Advancing, however, is perhaps not the proper word. She was hurling herself towards the group in a series of fantastic

bounds, flapping her arms up and down as she leaped. She was in full marching kit, as usual, and the crashing of mess utensils, compass, sheath knife, and fifty-foot rope, one against the other, formed an accompaniment of sound effects to her progress.

"Now what!" scolded Jane. "Cut your engine and try to make a three-point landing, or you'll have us all mowed down."

Bobo brought up with a jolt, and plumped down on the floor among the others.

"What do you think?" she jabbered. "Miss Roberts has just been telling the rest the grandest thing—phuff. . . . phuff. . . . phuff. . . ."

"Time out for getting your breath," Lillian recommended. "You sound like somebody on an amateur hour, doing a very poor imitation of a train pulling out."

"PHUFF!" panted Bobo with finality. "There! I've got all the breath I need. Now listen! Miss Roberts says she has just had a letter from Miss Jenkyns, and—"



THEY TOOK TURNS POSING FOR EACH OTHER IN VARIOUS ATTITUDES DENOTING GIRL SCOUT ACTIVITIES

"Who might Miss Jenkyns be?" demanded Jane, looking unimpressed.

"Miss Wilhelmina Jenkyns, the great artist," Bobo explained. "That is, I don't really know if she's great, but she *is* an artist. Anyway, she lives here some of the time—and she's gotten up a poster competition."

"So what?" inquired Helen.

"So we can all do posters, of course," said Bobo. "It's to express the spirit of Girl Scouting. There'll be three prizes—one for the best art, and one for injun—engine—"

"Hey?" cried Jane.

"Ingenuity, I'll bet," guessed Vera.

"That's him," agreed Bobo, "whatever it is. And one for the best expression of the spirit of Girl Scouting."

"Proceed," said Jane.

"That's all," Bobo said. "They're to be exhibited here in the gym, at a sort of party—and natchelly Red Rose Troop's got to get all three prizes."

"Oh, naturally," agreed Jane. "Speak up, Rembrandt. Why so silent, Michelangelo? Have we any hitherto unsuspected artistic talent lurking in our midst?"

"I'm going in for it," Bobo stated with easy confidence. "You would," said Jane.

At this point, Miss Roberts put in an appearance. "I see that yon fleet-footed Mercury has already imparted the news to you," she observed. "A very nice chance for some of you people who are trying for your Drawing Badge. A good poster would score quite high."

"A thought, a thought," murmured Jane, looking serious.

"You bet it's a thought," said Miss Roberts with unusual vehemence. "Miss Jenkyns is kindly, well-intentioned, an artist of some repute—and I might add that the prizes are scholarships for a week at camp next summer."

"Wow-ee!" shrieked Jane Burke's patrol. "This begins to look worth going into, after all!"

"So there you are," commented Betty, "gnawing and yearning for something new and stimulating, Jane—and it immediately gets served up to you on a platter."

"Right," said Jane meekly. "Let's fall to."

Red Rose Troop fell to with a vengeance. Meetings thereafter resembled an art school rather than a gathering of Girl Scouts, for everyone brought her sketch for advice and

criticism. Girls went about with smudges of charcoal on their noses and smears of paint on their clothes. Even those who had never before attempted to express themselves artistically, now timidly dabbled with paper and chalk.

"For," as Bobo explained to anybody who would listen, "that's one of the things Miss Jenkyns said she meant her competition to do. Bring out the artistic impulse in everyone. Everybody has an artistic urge, she says, if they'd only bring it out."

"How's your Urge to-day?" Jane inquired of Lillian.

"Not so good," said Lillian, shaking her head. "It doesn't tell me to do a thing but go down to the corner and get a sundae."

"Tut, tut," said Jane. "How sordid! But have you seen what Ruthie Kent is doing? It's really pretty neat. One of these trefoil things, with a lot of symbols and very decoratively worked out. It's super."

"I don't think it ought to be just a trefoil," Bobo said earnestly. "I think it ought to be a person—a person looking as if she loved being a Girl Scout."

"Persons are harder to draw than trefoils, my child," Jane observed.

"Are you telling me!" cried Helen, who had been struggling for days over a representation of a camper laying a fire.

AS FOR Bobo, her Urge was giving her a hard time of it. She could see so plainly, inside her, just what she wanted her poster to be, but it simply wouldn't come out right. Moreover, it got bigger and bigger. It started with a small sketch on the paper she did her arithmetic on. Then it moved on to one of her father's shirt boards. The Urge overflowed the entire card, and she found that there wasn't room for her subject's arms and legs. Her next effort covered the back of a large calendar that the milkman had left on New Year's Day. But even that would not suffice, for she found that she had left no room for the lettering she wanted to include in her great work.

"What you need," said her father, "is the side of a barn. You go in for art in a big way."

"It's the way the Urge urges me," Bobo explained. "Big—free. That's the way I'd like to express things!"

"Why not try parcel post?" suggested Mr. Witherspoon, and left Bobo groaning at this rather feeble witticism.

She groaned even more loudly when she found that her milk calendar, large though it was, would not contain her ample conception of a poster that should illustrate the spirit of Girl Scouting. Abandoning art for the time being, she paced gloomily on a solitary walk, the better to visualize the life-sized figure of joyous Scouthood that so possessed her inner mind. It ought to be a girl, she thought—a girl in uniform, with a face so shining with all the joys and ambitions of being a Girl Scout that no one who beheld the picture could possibly doubt the merits of the Scout program. In vain did friend and relative assure her that such a face was far beyond her small skill; that a professional portrait painter or illustrator would find such a theme challenging; that probably even Miss Wilhelmina Jenkyns herself couldn't tackle it. Miss Jenkyns, it seemed, did flower arrangements in pastels.

The course of Bobo's pensive walk soon took her past the comfortable residence of Mr. Horatio Bristle. Mr. Bristle himself, gray felt hat at a jaunty angle, cigar in mouth, was standing at his back gate superintending the activi-

ties of some workmen. These worthies had apparently just completed their job, for they were loading a truck with tool bags, stepladders, and other paraphernalia. One of them was carrying out two or three leftover lengths of wallboard—and upon him and his burden Bobo's gaze was suddenly riveted with such intensity that she did not hear Mr. Bristle's hearty greeting.

"Oh!" she cried, oblivious, "oh, Mr. Bristle—what have you been doing with that?"

"Hey?" exclaimed the old gentleman. "Doing with what? I've been putting a new ceiling in my kitchen—that's what I've been doing. Plagued leak from the pipes over it. Told me they couldn't plaster it. Had to use this cardboard on it. Miserable, flimsy stuff, I call it! Now good lath and plaster—"

"Oh, Mr. Bristle," Bobo sighed, "I'd give anything in the world for one of those."

"Hey?" demanded Mr. Bristle again. "One of what?"

"One of those pieces of cardboard," Bobo said. Her eyes shone with helpless longing.

"What in thunderation for?" inquired Mr. Bristle. "Why, it's bigger'n you are!"

"I know, I know!" agreed Bobo raptly. "It would hold a life-sized figure. I'd like my poster to be really big—like a mural."

"Like a what?" Mr. Bristle asked.

"A mural—one of those big pictures on a wall, don't you know, that they have to paint on from a ladder?"

Mr. Bristle's face got red, and he shook up and down. Then he brandished his walking stick in the direction of the truck, which was just about to move off.

"Hi, you!" he shouted, and the driver stopped his engine and peered out inquiringly. "Leave off that shortest piece of board!" Mr. Bristle ordered loudly. "I need it."

One of the workmen climbed (*Continued on page 36*)



HER NEXT EFFORT COVERED THE BACK OF A LARGE CALENDAR THE MILKMAN HAD LEFT ON NEW YEAR'S DAY



Illustrated by
S. WENDELL
CAMPBELL

A prominent woman lawyer, recently appointed judge in New York City's Municipal Court, answers that question affirmatively in her own life, and in this new vocational article

By DOROTHY KENYON

"CAN girls be lawyers?" I asked my father one day. "Why not, my dear?"

"Well, then, I'll be one."

As easy as that and it was all settled—many years ago. I took a hop-skip along the sidewalk, clutched father's hand a little tighter, and—resolved on a career.

It was easy for me, perhaps. My father was a lawyer. No mistake about that. Everybody in the household was painfully conscious of it. He got up early every morning, skimmed his paper, kissed Mother good-by abstractedly, in response to her question when he would be home to dinner answered vaguely that it would be late, and dashed off in a whirl of papers, brief cases, and preoccupation. The world seemed to weigh on his shoulders and I have no doubt he thought it did. And it was late when he got back home. Sometimes he stayed at the office all evening, sometimes he brought work home with him. Saturdays and Sundays were almost as bad.

But once in a long while he came in gay as a lark. Some big case was just ended, the tension snapped, and he was all for celebrating. On those occasions he was likely as not to bring home a present to Mother. Or else his relief from strain took the form of cutting up capers hopefully calculated to shock her. Under the pretense of having misplaced his glasses, he would gravely help himself to his food at dinner in more wrong ways than I should have supposed possible. To the accompaniment of childish shrieks of delight and groans from

HE WOULD CAREFULLY PUT HIS JELLY IN HIS GLASS OF WATER, AND IN GENERAL BEHAVE HIMSELF LIKE THE MAD HATTER AT "ALICE IN WONDERLAND'S" TEA PARTY. IT MADE AN INDELIBLE IMPRESSION ON US CHILDREN

Mother, he would carefully pour gravy on his salad, put his jelly in his glass of water, and generally behave himself like the Mad Hatter at "Alice in Wonderland's" tea party. It made an indelible impression on us children. The jelly especially, bobbing around in his glass of water, seemed somehow part and parcel of practicing law. And naturally I wanted to do the same.

It was only years afterwards, when I had begun to practice law myself and knew something about what hard work and a terrific strain it was, that I began to understand how he felt those nights when one of his big cases had ended—like a boy out of school and ripe for mischief.

Law is like that. It's hard work and it's exciting. If you like those things, then the law is perhaps for you. Otherwise not.

But there are other things involved besides hard work and excitement. Almost every kind of a job that's worth doing means hard work. And if you like it, it's bound to be exciting. Otherwise it probably isn't the kind of job for you. For to do a job well, you must love it and anything you love is exciting. No, there's more to practicing law than just hard work and excitement. And even the excitement is of a very special kind.

First, let me explain what I mean when I say that the excitement is special. In order to do that, I must first try to explode some of the wrong notions that most of us have about lawyers. Law, to most of us, is something terribly complicated, and difficult, if not impossible, to understand. Because we don't understand it, it is always tripping us up and forcing us to go to lawyers to get straightened out, or even to keep out of jail. If it weren't so difficult, we wouldn't need lawyers

to keep us straight. And so the idea has got around that you have to be awfully smart in order to be a lawyer. Lots of girls say, "Oh, no, I couldn't practice law. I haven't brains enough." Yet the very same girl might be planning to be a doctor, or a teacher, when she grew up, and never once think about whether she had brains enough to do it. And yet I am prepared to say that medicine is just as difficult as law; and teaching, if it is done properly, not only needs a lot of knowledge but is a fine art besides.

The lawyers themselves, I think, are partly responsible for spreading this idea that only smart people can be lawyers. They're always rubbing it in that you mustn't try to be your own lawyer, but must come to a real lawyer for advice. There's an old saying that the man who is his own lawyer has a fool for a client. Now, of course, that's right. We all know better than to be our own doctors. When we're sick, we don't waste precious time doctoring ourselves, we go to an expert physician or surgeon who knows how to help us. And, in the same way, when we get involved in

legal difficulties we go (or ought to go) right away to the lawyer who knows how to solve those problems for us. Just because we go to him doesn't mean, however, that the subject is beyond our brain capacity, should we decide to study it. It merely means that this is an age of specialization and that the particular subject in question isn't our specialty.

So I say to you that the study of law is stiff exercise for the brain, but no more so than any other science, like medicine, engineering, and lots of others I could mention. It takes a lot of preparation, but then so do all the other sciences that would provide you with a profession or a career.

The thing that really makes law so different from the other sciences is not its study but its practice. For the practice of law is not entirely made up of giving comfortable armchair advice to the individuals who want it, drawing their wills, or forming corporations for them. It is also made up of controversies, battling cases through the courts, and fighting other lawyers. It's not a bit comfortable, it's often nerve-wracking and tiresome.

Most of us, to be



A LAWYER MUST LIKE BOOKS AND READING, AND MUST ALWAYS BE STUDYING IN ORDER TO KEEP INFORMED OF THE LAW'S CONTINUAL DEVELOPMENT AND CHANGE

sure, have a very distorted idea of what the average lawyer does. To

most of us, the lawyer is always in court, dramatically saving his client's life by fiery speeches before a jury, or equally dramatically condemning crooks and racketeers to well deserved prison terms. It is always in terms of drama, of conflict, that the lawyer's job is seen. And the fact that a great deal of a lawyer's time is spent, not in conflict at all but in study and peaceful advice is completely overlooked.

Nevertheless there is enough controversy in the average lawyer's life to make it a very different career from the doctor's, for instance. Doctors don't engage in controversy over their patients' deathbeds, or pit one patient against another in battles royal. The atmosphere of controversy is not around the doctor; it is around the lawyer, certainly for a large part of his or her time. And that, I suspect, is the real reason why so many people think it is so difficult a profession. They get scared thinking about all those controversies.

So now you begin to see what I mean when I say that the excitement of law is a very special sort of excitement. It is the excitement of controversy, of pitting your wits against somebody else's, of trying to prevail over somebody else. And unless you like a certain amount of that kind of excitement, you'd better not try the law.

But if you like mental stimulus, if you like being on your toes and alert to what's happening around you, if you like to read books and enjoy study and writing, if you like to talk and debate, most of all if you like human beings and enjoy dealing with them, and if you like being in touch with what is going on in the world of affairs, then you *must* endeavor to be a lawyer.

For the lawyer is in the center of life. Law itself is nothing more nor less than social custom, it is the rules we lay down for getting along with one another. These rules cover almost every aspect of human conduct, our family life, our parents' responsibilities to us and to one another, their relations to government and its relation to them, our entire social and economic fabric. The rules of law cover all these things. And the lawyer is the person who has expert knowledge of all these rules, who interprets them to us when we are uncertain about them, or run afoul of them. The lawyer, through his knowledge of the rules of conduct, knows about the home, the family, the business world, government, politics, and human society generally. Of course every lawyer doesn't know all about all of them. He couldn't. The field is too vast. Within this vast framework he generally finds it necessary to specialize. So he is either a criminal lawyer, an admiralty lawyer (dealing exclusively with ships and the sea), a patent lawyer, a divorce lawyer, a real estate lawyer, a corporation lawyer, a trial lawyer, and so on. Even within each specialty, the field is enormous. Human life is the lawyer's study, human rules of conduct—rules that, in theory at least, are intended to be fair to everybody, that keep us from anarchy, and give us the order and peace in our lives which we all want so much.

It's a pretty fascinating field, and the lawyer in the midst of it is really like a social engineer, forever planning, experimenting, adapting the old and creating new rules in the hope of making a better and more workable world to live in. At least, that's the theory of it. Some lawyers spend their time in showing people how to get around the rules, but that, as

most of us see it, is a perversion of the lawyer's true function. Now just what does a lawyer have to do, and what kind of qualifications are best for the job?

I mentioned liking people. Perhaps that's the most important qualification of all. A lawyer is always dealing with people. His stock in trade is human life and the rules of conduct of human living. If he is going to understand those rules and be able to explain them and see that they are carried out, he must like people. He will have clients and his clients will have adversaries and he must know how to deal with both types. He will have to do a lot of negotiating, and that means he must not only know how to get along with people, but also how to handle them in difficult situations. If he is a trial lawyer, he will have to know how to handle witnesses in court, both the witnesses who are on his side and the witnesses who are on the other side and who are consequently hostile to him. The art of asking questions in order to bring out facts at a trial, whether on direct examination (of your own witnesses) or on cross-examination (of the other fellow's

witnesses) is one of the most difficult arts there is, and one has to know a lot about human nature if he or she is going to become a real success at it.

Another important trait is the ability to think clearly and logically, to be able to analyze complicated facts and to pick out the significant facts from the mass of irrelevant ones in which they are always buried. That requires a power of analysis which many of us do not possess. But it can be developed

through practice, and all that is needed is a clear head in the first place. The power to analyze facts is a good power to possess, whether you are a lawyer or not, and I recommend that you all try to acquire it. We could do with a good deal less muddled thinking than we have in the world to-day.

A lawyer must also like books and reading. The law is not a fixed body of knowledge, it is in a continuous state of growth and development (like the human beings whose rules of conduct it is). Consequently lawyers must always be studying to keep up with it. They must not only know the law of the past, they must keep up with the law of the present, and, to a certain extent, they must help to create the future. Every lawyer has to keep close to his law library and has to do a lot of current reading.

Every lawyer also has to do a lot of writing. The most important writing he does is the writing of briefs. Briefs are statements of what he believes the law to be, and he submits them to the court in order to enlighten and persuade the judge. These briefs represent the fruits of his reading and study. All lawyers should be able to write clear, simple, and forceful prose. In this field, a grounding in English prose composition is all that is required.

But a lawyer does not merely use his pen. He also uses his tongue. The art of public speaking, of marshalling facts and law into a persuasive argument, is one of the great arts of the lawyer. Many cases are won or lost on this score alone. But it is more than the art of public speaking that I am talking about, it is the art of debate. The lawyer has an opponent, and his arguments must be calculated not only to convince the judge that his own case is sound, but also that the case of his opponent is unsound. If you (*Continued on page 45*)

GRAY WINTER SKY

By Birdsall Otis Edey

A soft gray winter sky to me holds promise
of the spring;
The why I do not know, for surely a bough,
Etched black and leafless, itself a lovely thing,
Holds no great promise of a future blossoming.

Perhaps the cedar berry's blue,
The breast of one late robin lingering—
His courage high, testing the winter's snow—
Makes the gray sky forever comforting.

CAROL'S WINTER ROBIN

When Bluebird Patrol took city-bred Carol on a bird hike no one expected her to make the rarest find of all

By MARIAN WILDMAN FENNER



"Carol Crawford's coming into our Girl Scout troop, Sue. Let's get her to join our patrol," suggested Sheila Hood. "I like Carol a lot."

"So do I," agreed Sue Bradford, "but we'd better talk first to Nina about it. Why not go over to the High and wait for her right now. They'll be out any minute—I just heard their buzzer."

The girls strolled across the snowy street from their own Junior High School building, just as the big doors of the Senior High burst open and a noisy crowd of boys and girls trooped out. They saw tall, blond Nina Nixon, their patrol leader, coming down the steps slowly, suiting her pace to that of Sheila's brother, Merrill, who walked haltingly, aided by a stout cane.

"Hi, Nina!" Sue and Sheila hailed her. "We've got something important to talk to you about. We're waiting to walk home with you."

"What's up, honeys?" asked Nina in her big-sisterly way, as Mell left her to join a group of the boys. The three girls walked arm-in-arm down the village street under the leafless maples. "What are you kids looking so excited about?"

"About Carol," explained Sheila. "She's a new girl in our home room, Nina. Her folks have just moved here from Chicago."

"Everybody's crazy about her!" Sue took up the story. "She's the prettiest thing. Honest-to-goodness red cheeks, and the bluest eyes. Oh, why couldn't my eyes have been like that instead of pale green?"

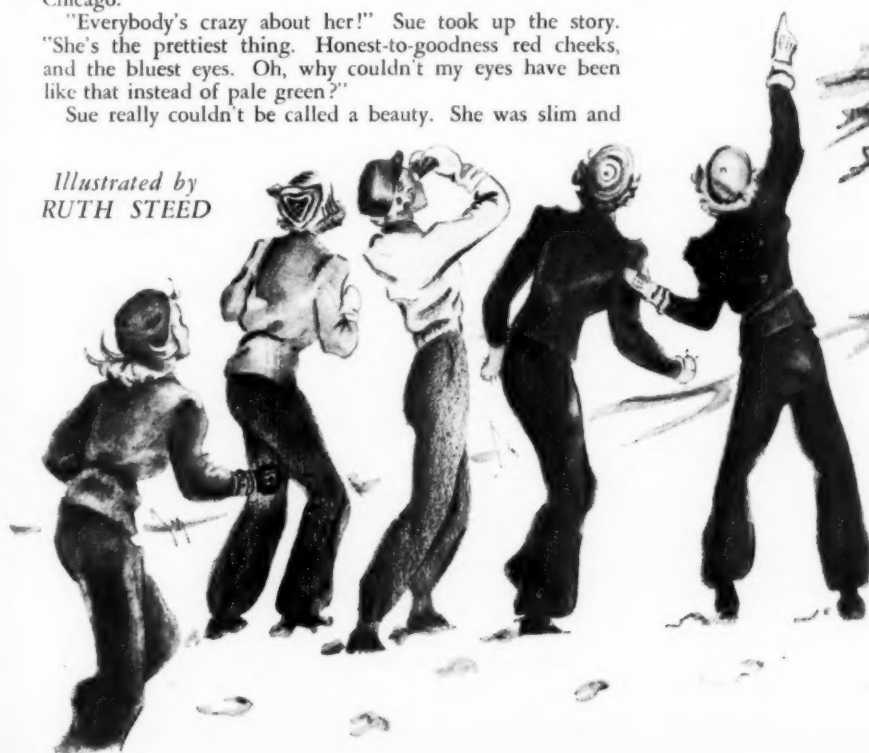
Sue really couldn't be called a beauty. She was slim and

brown, but she got the best grades in her class and was a bit vain of the fact. And everybody liked her, for she was honest, quick-tempered, impulsive, and generous.

"Your eyes are all right, Sue," protested loyal Sheila. "But, Nina, you really never saw such a cute thing as Carol. She's got little short curls like a baby's. And when she giggles, you simply have

ODDLY ENOUGH IT WAS CAROL WHO SAW MORE BIRDS THAN ANYBODY ELSE, HER BLUE EYES ALERT FOR THE MEREST FLASH OF COLOR

Illustrated by
RUTH STEED





host of friends made no doubt, he would brilliantly fulfill their prophecies that his would some day be a familiar name in the world of natural science. The girls were still talking about Carol when Mell came in.

"Who's this Carol?" he asked with friendly interest, as he laid aside his cane, threw the books he carried on the table, and dropped a bit wearily into a chair. The half mile from school was longer for the crippled lad than for his sister and her friends.

"She's a new girl Sue and Sheila know, Mell," Nina explained. "She's joining our troop. If we ask her to come into Bluebird Patrol, will you help us get her started with birds?"

"Sure," promised Mell. "We'd never have got very far ourselves without your

to giggle, too. Don't you, Sue?"

Sue came to the point. "And, Nina, Carol's coming into our troop, and we've just *got* to have her in Bluebird Patrol. She'll be all kinds of fun on our bird hikes. All the other girls will be after her to join their patrols, but Sheila and I know she likes us and we think—"

"Are you sure she'd be a useful member?" asked Nina doubtfully. "She sounds nice, but—well, sort of lightweight. We've been working hard on our bird study, you know, for more than a year. Mell says we're really getting pretty good, and it means something for Mell to say that. Mightn't it spoil our interest if we got somebody into the patrol who didn't take it seriously?"

"I'm pretty sure Carol doesn't know a sparrow from a sparrow hawk," admitted Sue frankly, "but we'll teach her all we've learned."

"Oh, please, Nina," begged Sheila.

"Well,"—Nina didn't like to disappoint her eager friends—"let's leave it to Miss Gerald. If she approves, I'll write a special note of invitation to—what did you say the new girl's name is?"

"Carol—Carol Crawford," answered Sue and Sheila in a breath; and Sue added warmly, as the three turned in at the Hood's front gate together, "You're a peach, Nina!"

Bluebird Patrol members, together or singly, had a habit of turning in at that hospitable gate. Partly, of course, because Sheila was a member. But partly, too, because Sheila's mother was always so welcoming to her daughter's friends. And for still another reason; because Sheila's brother Merrill was consultant to both the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts of Norville in Bluebird Patrol's chosen specialty of ornithology. Handicapped by long months of illness as a child, followed by tedious years of slow and only partial recovery, Mell would pass his twentieth birthday before, next June, he would graduate from High School and be ready for college. There, his

help you know, Mr. Consultant," declared Sue.

"Mell knows more about birds than everybody in Norville beside, all put together," Sheila boasted. "He's observer, for this district, for the National Bird-lovers' Association, and he's the youngest Scout consultant in—"

"Go easy there, Sis," laughed Mell. "You mustn't believe all you read in the papers—at least not all you read in *The Norville Eagle*! You know, anyway, girls," he added seriously, "the only reason I know more about birds than some other people is because—" he hesitated a minute—"because I had Dad to teach me. It wasn't as if I could go in for baseball and hockey and stuff with the other fellows. Dad didn't want me to read all the time, so, from the time

I was over the paralysis, and—after he knew how I was going to be crippled—he began taking me everywhere with him. He used to carry me at first. I suppose you were too much of a kid then, Sheila, to remember how he'd hike for miles through the woods with me on his shoulders. I didn't weigh a lot. Later I could get around for myself, after a fashion. Every time a bird showed a feather, or let out a peep, Dad would tell me its name and all he knew about it. After Dad was gone, I just kept on, that's all. With Robin."

At the sadness in Mell's voice, Sheila's eyes filled with tears, and Sue and Nina looked sober, too. Everybody knew about Mell's father. And about Robin.

After Dr. Hood's death, three years before, Merrill's mother, anxious lest her son give up the healthful habit of hiking and bird study, had bought him a companion—a beautiful English setter. The dog's life, like the boy's, had been handicapped. Carelessness in his early training had spoiled him for the natural destiny of a hunting breed. Handsome, sensitive, intelligent, and of a world championship strain, he should have brought a fancy price, for his breeder, from some sportsman. But when the pup was old enough and, supposedly, well enough educated to be salable, it was discovered that he was gun-shy. His disappointed owner had angrily dismissed the trainer whose careless handling of the promising pup had done the mischief, but that mischief could not be undone. Robin's owner had gladly sold him to Mrs. Hood for a fraction of what he usually got for his blooded white setters. He had explained quite frankly that the gun-shy pup would never be worth a red cent for hunting. But for a boy's pet? Oh, sure! None better!

Robin hadn't been Robin till he came to live in the big white Hood homestead in Norville, though he'd had a string of names, now quite forgotten, in the registry books. "Robin Hood," bookish Mell had named him, and always thereafter, keeping it dark lest somebody laugh at his fancy. Mell had thought of the great wooded tract near town, where he and Robin wandered together, as "Sherwood Forest." The tract was a forest preserve and wild life sanctuary, and there were no guns to be heard in its quiet, leafy shades. Crippled boy and gun-

shy dog were never happier than when wandering along its winding trails, the one listening for bird notes, the other sniffing happily into chipmunk holes and rabbit forms.

And now Robin was gone. A month ago he had been stolen. A farmer living just outside Norville had noticed a white dog in a car that sped down the State highway, a white dog that whined piteously and tried to leap from the car. When he heard that a Norville family had lost a valued white setter, he sent word to them of what he had seen, and his regret that, not thinking that the dog might have been stolen, he had not taken the number of the speeding car. There was no way to trace the thieves, and it wasn't even much comfort to know what a disappointment it must have been to them when they found they had a dog, gun-shy and valueless, on their hands. Mell had taken his loss on the chin, as he always took things. Only he didn't wander in Sherwood Forest any more. It was in December that it happened, but sleet and snow had never kept Mell home before.

WITHIN the next week, their Girl Scout leader approving, Bluebird Patrol invited Carol Crawford to become one of its members, an invitation promptly and happily accepted by the pretty newcomer from Chicago. And at Carol's first meeting with the patrol, she found herself listening to discussion of a delightful plan.

"You see, girls," Nina was explaining, "the State Federation of Bird Clubs wants statistics as to birds that winter in the State—that's the why of this census. Any individual or group can enter the contest, only every list sent in has to be vouched for by some ornithologist of standing. Of course Mell Hood, as our consultant, will vouch for ours. We've got the printed forms we're to fill out, with places for our names and the weather and the territory we cover and—"

"And there's a ten dollar prize for the best list," interrupted Sue. "We'll use it to buy that dandy new bird book for the troop library," she added confidently.

"We're going out all day Saturday, Miss Gerald and our patrol," Nina went on. "We'll be observing from daylight until dark."

"And, oh, Carol," Sheila put in, "you can't think what fun we have on our bird hikes!"

Carol giggled, one of those giggles that made everybody else feel like giggling, too.

"You girls are darlings to take me in. But I'll be an awful drag on your bird census, I'm afraid. Honest, I never even heard of pileated woodpeckers and all those kinds you talk about! Pigeons and pet canaries—they're nearer my speed!"

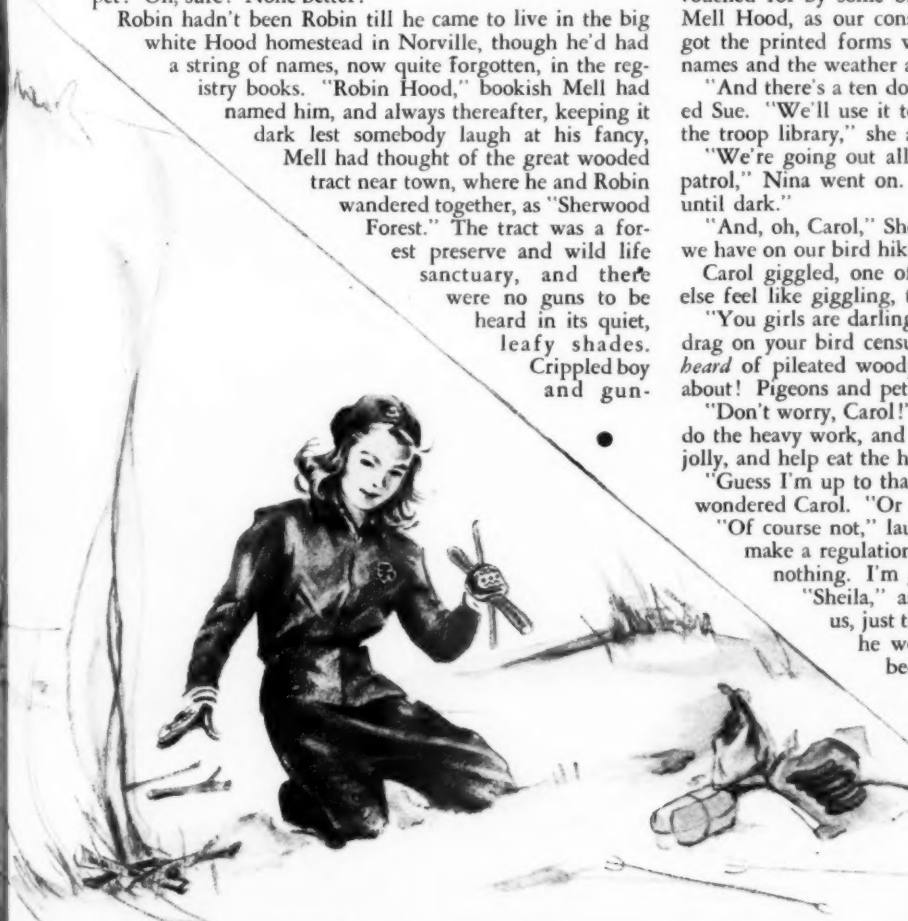
"Don't worry, Carol!" Sue comforted. "The rest of us will do the heavy work, and you'll only have to tag along and be jolly, and help eat the hot dogs!"

"Guess I'm up to that. How do you cook the hot dogs?" wondered Carol. "Or do you eat them raw?"

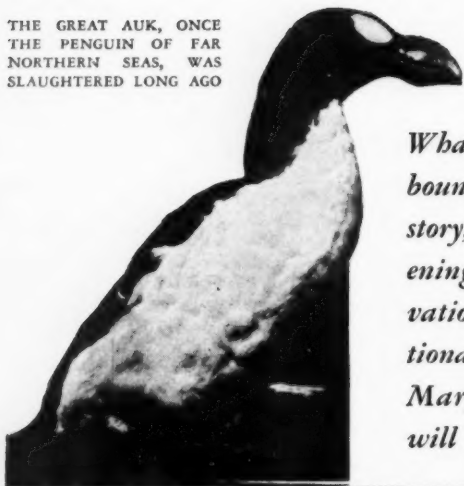
"Of course not," laughed Sue. "We'll show you how to make a regulation Scout cooking fire out of practically nothing. I'm great on that!"

"Sheila," asked Nina, "wouldn't Mell go with us, just this once? Miss Gerald said she wished he would, because, you know, she hasn't been studying birds much longer than we have, and she hasn't been in Norville (Continued on page 35)

AS THE OTHERS CONTINUED THEIR SEARCH FOR DRY STICKS, SUE COAXED THE FIRE INTO A CHEERY BLAZE



THE GREAT AUK, ONCE
THE PENGUIN OF FAR
NORTHERN SEAS, WAS
SLAUGHTERED LONG AGO



NOT A NICE

What man has done to Nature's bountiful gifts is not a nice story, but to-day we are awakening to the need for conservation of wild life. With National Wildlife Week beginning March nineteenth, every girl will want to read this article

Photographs by courtesy of the National Wildlife Federation, unless otherwise noted

SELF-PRESERVATION is the first law of nature. This is such a commonplace saying that it has almost lost its meaning. Yet when any person risks his own life to save the life of another, we praise that person in the highest terms we can find. We realize that he has turned his back upon the strongest of all instincts, refused to think of self-preservation, and we call him a hero and often give him a beautiful gold medal.

It is not in man alone that this instinct to protect his own life at all costs is found. It exists through all nature, and throughout nature, too, we find innumerable examples of heroism. If you go near a bird's nest in which there are newly hatched birdlings, the mother bird will come flying at you, making every kind of noise she can and even fluttering her wings in your face. She is risking her own life to protect her babies, by trying to drive you away from the precious nest.

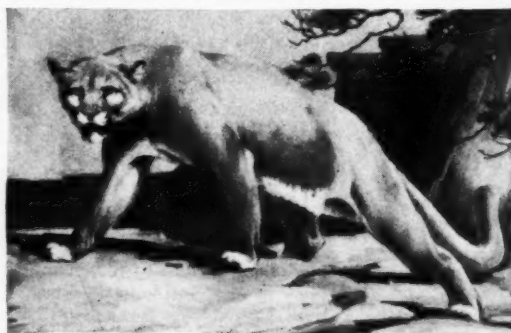
But birds and animals have only their own limited powers to depend upon in this constant struggle for self-preservation. Unlike man, they have not been able to invent weapons, or build big, strong houses, or employ doctors.

As the human population increases, and cities, farms, and factories occupy more and more of the fields and woods, their problems become more and more numerous and difficult. They need help, and only man, so often their natural enemy, can help them.

Now we come to a very strange thing. With all his laboratories, knowledge of science, machinery, discoveries, man has never been able to create one single new form of life. He knows that life is a very precious and mysterious thing, just as mysterious in nature as it is in himself. Yet very few think of preserving any life except that of the human race, and, on the contrary, through carelessness or greed, many endanger



THE PRONGHORN ANTELOPE, GRACEFUL AND SWIFT, WAS IN GRAVE DANGER OF DISAPPEARING UNTIL A FEW YEARS AGO



The two reproductions above are from Wildlife Poster Stamps
THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE COUGAR FROM MOST OF ITS FORMER RANGE PERMITTED THE DEER, ITS CHIEF FOOD, TO BECOME TOO NUMEROUS FOR THEIR FEEDING GROUNDS

the very existence of birds, animals, and plants, so that numerous species have disappeared, and others are in danger of becoming extinct.

What happened to the passenger pigeon, for example, is not a nice story. A little more than fifty years ago, the passenger pigeon was one of the



THE BEAUTIFUL PASSENGER PIGEON, WITH ITS IRIDESCENT PLUMAGE, HAS BEEN COMPLETELY WIPED OUT, A VICTIM OF GREED AND RUTHLESSNESS



KNOWN AS THE LABRADOR DUCK, THIS CUNNING LITTLE FELLOW LOOKS LIKE A BARNYARD CHICKEN PRETENDING TO BE A DUCK. HIS KIND HASN'T BEEN SEEN SINCE 1876 AND THE REASON FOR HIS EXTINCTION IS A MYSTERY

STORY

By

RANDOLPH BARTLETT

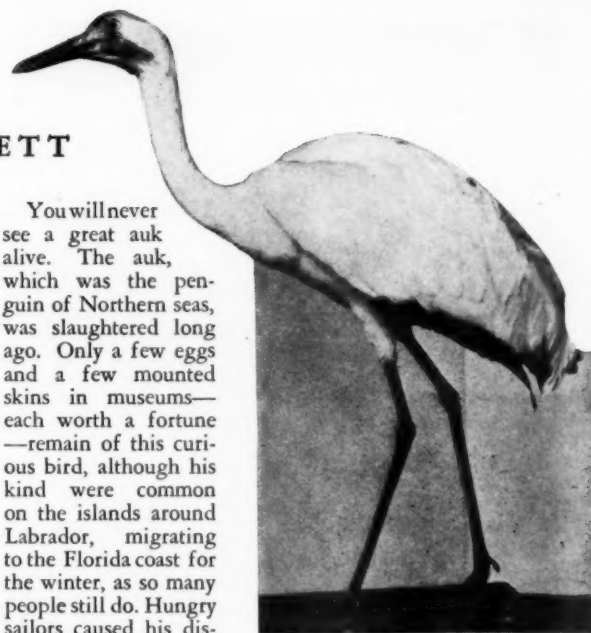
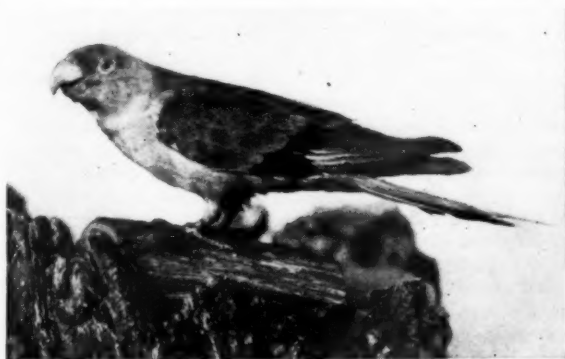
commonest birds in the United States. Great flocks of them were seen as far West as the Mississippi River, and even farther. In 1808, a famous naturalist, Alexander Wilson, saw a flight of these birds that darkened the sky. He estimated that it was two hundred miles long, and must have had over two billion birds. These pigeons were so easily killed that they were about the cheapest kind of food to be had. In New York, about 1830, it became the custom of domestic servants, going to new employment, to insist that they would not have to eat passenger pigeons. It is on record that the city of Baltimore alone consumed one hundred thousand barrels of these birds.

To-day there is not one passenger pigeon to be found anywhere. The last one ever seen died in the Cincinnati zoo in 1914. They dropped from billions to millions, from millions to thousands, and then to a single bird, all in the space of a lifetime. The explanation lies in their helplessness and man's greed and recklessness with any life except his own. Because they lived in great flocks it was as easy to kill them as to knock apples off a tree, and hunters killed not only what they could use, could give to friends, or could sell, but went on killing in sheer ruthlessness.

Other birds have disappeared, though no other has so painful a history. There was the Labrador duck, extinct since 1876. Pictures and museum records show him as a cute little fellow, looking less like a duck than a half grown barnyard chicken pretending he is a duck and knowing all the time he isn't making a very good job of it. The Labrador duck was not a game bird, to be hunted as food, and there were never very many of them. They just seem not to have been able to accustom themselves to civilization, and gave up the fight.



TRUMPETER SWANS ARE AMONG THE RAREST OF WILD BIRDS. ONLY ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-EIGHT REMAIN IN THE UNITED STATES



THE STATELY WHITE WHOOPING CRANE HAS GONE THE WAY OF THE TRUMPETER SWAN—ONLY A FEW HAVE SURVIVED

You will never see a great auk alive. The auk, which was the penguin of Northern seas, was slaughtered long ago. Only a few eggs and a few mounted skins in museums—each worth a fortune—remain of this curious bird, although his kind were common on the islands around Labrador, migrating to the Florida coast for the winter, as so many people still do. Hungry sailors caused his disappearance, together with the additional fact that suitable breeding-grounds were scarce.

One of the prettiest little birds of the South and of the Mississippi Valley was the Carolina parakeet. His brilliant plumage made him an easy mark for the hunter and, though

BELOW: THE CALIFORNIA CONDOR, ONE OF OUR LARGEST BIRDS, NEEDS PROTECTION FROM MARKSMEN



THE HEATH HEN, A RELATIVE OF THE PRAIRIE CHICKEN, WAS DOOMED WHEN MAN BEGAN TO DRAIN AND FILL THE SWAMPS AND MARSHES WHERE THE HEATH HEN MADE HER HOME

LEFT: THE CAROLINA PARAQUET HAS VANISHED, THE VICTIM OF ITS OWN BRIGHT BEAUTY, EDIBILITY, AND MAN'S RECKLESSNESS IN KILLING. THE LAST WAS SHOT IN FLORIDA A FEW YEARS AGO



THE TWISTED BEAUTY OF A MONTEREY CYPRESS IMBUES AN AMERICAN SCENE WITH THE FEELING OF A JAPANESE PRINT AND GIVES RISE TO THE LEGEND THAT IT DESCENDED FROM A SACRED TREE IN THE GROUNDS OF A BUDDHIST MONASTERY IN TIBET

BELOW: FROM SEED TO FLOWER, THE PINK LADY'S SLIPPER REQUIRES AT LEAST THREE YEARS. IT MUST BE PROTECTED



Courtesy of the New England Wild Flower Preservation Society

quite small, he was considered a delicious tidbit. So he vanished, the victim of his beauty, his delicate flavor, and man's recklessness when he goes out to kill.

The heath hen was, on the contrary, very inconspicuous, but like the prairie chicken of the Western plains, it was one of the most desirable of all feathered creatures for table use. Its home ran all the way from the Virginia Capes to Cape Cod, including Long Island and the New Jersey pine barrens. Until a few years ago it was seen occasionally on Martha's Vineyard, but not one has been seen since 1932.

In almost every history of a species that has become extinct, there is an interesting fact noticed in the decline. Usually they have been birds and animals which thrive best in large colonies. When the decrease begins it is gradual, as a rule, and at a certain definite rate. Suddenly it seems to reach the point where the numbers are no longer sufficient to suit its habits, and the decrease changes from a gentle curve to a parachute drop. From this, it is only a step to extinction.

A notable example of the difficulty of restoring a species that has reached that stage of sudden falling off, is the trumpeter swan. This interesting bird had almost disappeared, when all that could be found were taken to Red Rock



Photograph by Erving Galloway

BIGHORN, OR ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP, MAKE THEIR LAST STAND

Lake, Montana, where they are protected carefully from all dangers. There are now only one hundred and forty-eight of these swans in the flock, and it is still a question whether this is a sufficiently large colony for them to make any real progress toward their former numbers.

It is not expected that the California condor will last much longer, on account of two problems—misunderstanding, and the Westerner's pride in his marksmanship with a rifle. The condor wouldn't hurt a living thing if his life depended upon it, he goes about cleaning up refuse for he is really a scavenger, and perhaps it is this humble occupation which makes him look as he does. Occasionally he is shot because ignorant persons think any bird as big as he is (his wing spread reaches eleven feet) must be dangerous. More frequently he dies because a hunter wants to show how good his aim is.

Like the condor, the whooping crane is a very conspicuous bird that is almost extinct. A brood of eight was seen not very long ago in Louisiana, and this is the largest group reported in years.

Most shore birds have grown alarmingly scarce in recent years and the United States Bureau of Biological Survey has taken them under its wing, so to speak. The laws against killing them are strict, but birds (Continued on page 41)

PANDORA'S BOX

An arts-and-crafts contest with a summer job as prize! Ann needed it, Dorie wanted it—and each had a private score to settle on the side

By CHESLEY KAHMANN

ANN MOREHOUSE stuck her paint brush into a bottle of turpentine. "There!" she said. She looked approvingly at the wooden box she had just finished painting an off-shade orange.

The arts and crafts room of the Glenville High School was large and sunny and full of the smell of paint. Girls in variously colored smocks were working hard to finish the decorative box project, for the following day all boxes had to be handed in for a grade. And after that came the contest.

Mary Orton, who worked at Ann's table, looked at the orange box.

"It's swell!" she said. "And you certainly came out even—not a drop of paint left."

"I was lucky!" laughed Ann. She turned the can in which she had mixed the paint upside down. Not a drop ran out. She threw the can into the waste basket.

Then from the drawer of the work table she took a print which she had cut from a travel advertisement in one of the smooth paper magazines. "I'm going to use this on top," she said. It was of a sailing boat on a blue sea at sunset—orange sunset. She had looked and looked before she had found it.

"Gorgeous!" said Mary. Then, "Everybody says it's going to be between you and Dorie."

Ann saw a frown on the face of Dorie West who sat at a table halfway across the room. Dorie looked as if she, too, had been thinking the same thing and didn't care for the idea.

"Oh, no!" said Ann, laying the picture down. But she knew, as well as she knew her own name, that it *was* going to be that way. Between her and Dorie. It wasn't making Dorie any friendlier, either.

Ann sighed. She simply had to win that contest! Nobody knew how much she wanted what it offered.

As she wiped off her paint brush she thought how lucky it was that the president of the school board owned the gift shop down on Main Street. Or there wouldn't have been a contest. She remembered how he had strolled into the arts and crafts room soon after they had begun to work on the box project, how impressed he had been with Miss Griswold's success in starting the new course—his own idea.

Then he had said he was going to offer a job in his gift shop—for the whole summer—to the girl who made the most unusual box. At first everyone had thought it was only a



"OH!" CRIED ANN. THE TIPS OF HER FINGERS WERE ORANGE WITH PAINT. TEARS CAME TO HER EYES AND SHE FELT SICK WITH DISMAY

joke, but Mr. Carter had stood by it, and now it was a formal contest, with a poster on the bulletin board.

Miss Griswold moved about among the work tables, stopping at Dorie West's.

"A moment, girls!" she said.

Ann knew the tone of voice. An impromptu lecture was coming on. Sure enough, when the girls had gathered around Dorie's table, Miss Griswold pointed to Dorie's black box with the red design on top, saying, "This is an example of originality in design. I want you to notice how the design blends into the general tone of the whole box, like an inlay—yes, like an inlay. Good work, Dorie."

Dorie looked pleased.

"It's really nice," said Ann.

But Dorie seemed not to value Ann's compliment. She turned her back and began to chatter with Helen Farr about the brass hinges.

Miss Griswold moved on to another table, stopping to show what should not be done when pasting on a print.

"Be a little stingier with the paste," she commented, "or the print will bulge—like this one."

Then she walked around, looking casually at this one and that. But finally she stopped at Ann's table.

"A moment, girls," she said again. She looked down at the freshly painted box.

"Now this is an example of originality in color. A unique color, to say the least. Ann, tell the class how you did it."

Ann felt fluttery. Her box *was* going to have a chance in the contest! Or Miss Griswold wouldn't spend time on it.

"Well, it was just dabs," she said. Which, of course, the



Illustrated by WILL HAMMELL

WHEN THE GIRLS GATHERED AROUND THE TABLE, MISS GRISWOLD POINTED TO DORIE'S BLACK BOX WITH THE RED DESIGN ON ITS COVER

girls already knew. "A little red, a little orange, some white, some more red, more orange, and a drop of gray—just dabs the girls let me have when they were through with their colors. I thought—well, I thought it might be a little different."

"I wish more people would experiment with color," Miss Griswold said, nodding approval. "And this print, girls—notice that the sunset is the same odd shade of orange that the box is. Good selection, Ann."

Then Miss Griswold looked at the clock and said she must go to the office for the rest of the period, but that anyone who had study hall next hour might stay on in the arts and crafts room and clean up.

"It's between you and Dorie, all right!" whispered Mary Orton to Ann when Miss Griswold had gone.

Helen and Emily and several other girls lingered to admire Ann's box, but Dorie West swished past with no comment at all, as if neither Ann nor the box existed.

Ann bit her lip. Wasn't Dorie ever going to like her?

Ann's father had had to retire from his medical practice on account of his health, so the family had moved from New York to Glenville where living was less expensive. Ann had entered the high school in the middle of March. Never could she forget that first day, with Dorie West coldly looking her over—Dorie West, a sort of queen in town, an indicator of what policy the other girls should adopt. For some reason Dorie had resented her from the first.

Ann had decided to take an active part in things, thinking to win a place for herself by her willingness to cooperate, to work hard for the school. At home that had been a good way.

But that first Junior meeting! The class had been discussing ways and means of raising money for the Senior party and she had been the first one to submit an idea. Enthusiastically she had suggested a style show—clothes to be lent

by the local merchants, the Juniors to be models. She had told how well it had worked out in New York.

But at the first show of interest in the class Dorie had risen to her feet and downed the idea, arguing that it was impractical. Interest in the style show idea had trailed off into nothing. Afterward some of the girls had explained to Ann that, even though the idea was good, it didn't pay to sponsor anything Dorie wouldn't work for, because, with Dorie against it, everything would fall flat.

But Ann had known. It wasn't the idea Dorie had been against, it had been Ann herself. Dorie didn't like her. Dorie considered her a rival. And because she was so new in town, Ann had sat back, careful not to cross Dorie if it could be avoided.

Now she put her brush into turpentine again, wiped it off slowly. No, the contest wasn't making things better between her and Dorie.

"You could tell, just from the way Miss Griswold looked, that you have a chance in the contest!" Mary Orton was saying.

"I really did a better box last year," Ann said. "In New York we made boxes and had an auction to raise money for our—" Then, in a louder voice, "Say! Why couldn't the Juniors have an auction for the Senior party money?"

"That's an idea!" some one said.

But the next moment Dorie West interrupted furiously, "If you mention New York again, I'll scream! I just can't take it any longer! None of us can, in fact!"

A gasp of surprise came from the other girls. Ann flushed. "Dorie!" some one said.

But Dorie continued, hotly, "It's been one grand boast ever since you arrived! New York this, New York that! As if we didn't have any ideas of our own!"

"Dorie!" Helen cried. "You *know* Ann doesn't boast!"

"You don't really believe—" gasped Ann, facing Dorie. Her throat felt tight and her eyes burned. She hated a boaster as much as anyone did. If she talked too much about New York, it was only because it was all she knew to talk about.

"Well, that's the way things are!" said Dorie. "You understand at last!" With that, she wiped her paint brush and pointed to her box, saying, "Well, there's *one* idea in this town that didn't hail from New York!"

Ann's gray eyes flashed. This was going too far. Life in Glenville would have been all right if it hadn't been for Dorie. The others had been willing enough to accept her.

Impulsively she strode over to Dorie. "You'll apologize!" she said.

The room was dead still.

"Why, what do you mean?" Dorie asked. She made her blue eyes very large, trying to look innocent. But her voice was mocking.

"I can't stand it any longer, either!" cried Ann. "And you know what I mean! You haven't liked me and you've made it as hard for me as you could! I may have kept still and let you walk over me—because I was new—but I *don't* boast! And you know it!"

By this time Dorie's face was dark with anger. It was obvious that no one had expected Ann to stand up to Dorie West like that. Certainly not Dorie herself, whose father practically ran the town; Dorie, who never had had anything but her own way all her life. She stood looking at the other girl angrily, saying nothing at all.

"You'll apologize!" Ann repeated.

The bell clanged out the end of the period. Dorie turned her back on Ann and told Helen, who worked at her table, that she would stay on and clean up as she had study hall next hour.

Ann felt her face blazing. Did Dorie think she could dispose of her like that?

"I guess it's about time there were two camps—me in one, you in the other!" she said. "I guess from now on, as long as I've got to live in this town, too, we'll *both* exist! And maybe I won't always be the underdog, either!"

The other girls were taking off their smocks and putting their paints and brushes away. Ann caught several nods of approval, as if the girls secretly thought Dorie had it coming to her although they themselves might not have said so aloud.

"You'd better watch out!" Dorie faced around, her eyes flashing. "I warn you right now! You'd better not say *one word more!*" She jammed the cork into her turpentine bottle and, with sharp little steps, walked to the cupboard and put the turpentine into it. Then she slammed the cupboard door shut with a bang.

Ann returned to her table, sat down in front of her freshly painted orange box. She saw the girls hurry out of the room, reluctant to go but not wanting to be late to their next classes. And then she and Dorie were alone in a loudly silent room. Her heart pounded. Now that she had spoken her mind, she felt a little ashamed.

"I—really didn't mean it all," she said at last. "I'm—sorry."

"I guess you meant it all right!" said Dorie, starting back from the cupboard past Ann's table.

Ann reached over her box toward the brush she had cleaned a few minutes before. As she did so, Dorie, now directly behind her, gave her arm a push. Ann's hand fell downward, two fingers landing straight upon the box near the edge.

"Oh!" cried Ann. The tips of her two fingers were orange with paint. She stared at the two marks on the box—two horrible, horrible marks, two smudges from the fingers. "You've—" And then she couldn't say anything more. Tears came to her eyes and inside she felt sick and hollow. There wasn't any more paint, and there wasn't time to make another box. She wouldn't have a chance at the summer job in the gift shop, after all!

That job, if she had won it, was to have made up for all the other things—leaving New York, being new in this school. And it was to have been something else, too—the starting to earn money for herself. For since her father's retirement there hadn't been much money.

Dorie hadn't needed the job! Dorie had just not wanted *her* to reap any glory from winning the contest.

"If I'd lost through fair play," Ann said at last, with a break in her voice, "it would have been all right. But this way! Oh, I didn't think *even you* would do a thing like that! For spite!" Then she added, "Well, go ahead! I'm out of the running, all right. The contest's all yours now."

Dorie stared at the box as if suddenly seeing far more than the marks of Ann's fingers. "Everybody's going to think I—did it on purpose!" she muttered.

"Everybody'll *know* you did!" corrected Ann.

The door opened and Miss Griswold entered the room.

"Please don't tell!" begged Dorie in a whisper. Her blue eyes were large and frightened.

"Well, how's everything coming?" smiled Miss Griswold.

Ann said nothing, feeling that she might burst into tears at any moment. Dorie looked miserable. "There's—been an accident," she finally said. "I—I jarred Ann's arm and—and—her fingers went down—and the box's ruined and—couldn't something be done? Oh, *couldn't* something?" There was such genuine concern in her voice that Ann looked quickly at her to be sure it was Dorie speaking.

Miss Griswold examined the freshly painted box, shaking her head. There wasn't any more paint that odd shade and any other color wouldn't go well with the print Ann intended to use.

"But you'll have to finish it, anyhow," said Miss Griswold. "For a grade, to

get credit for the course." Then, with a sigh, "It's too bad you won't be able to enter it in the contest, for you had a good chance. Both you and Dorie would have had a chance!"

Dorie looked more miserable than ever. "I won't enter my box, either," she said in a low voice.

Miss Griswold turned from Ann to Dorie. "Why, that's very generous of you, Dorie, but—"

Ann felt a rush of tears. *Generous!* Dorie didn't *dare* enter the contest! For fear of what everybody would say, now that her only real rival was eliminated. She flashed a look at her. But Dorie's blue eyes were large and full of something Ann had never seen there before.

"I'm—really sorry," said Dorie.

Ann looked down at the box. There wasn't any doubt that Dorie was sorry. But it was a little late!

"I've lost the chance at the job," she kept thinking. "Lost—"

She stared at the two marks on the box, showing even the swirls of her fingers. And, suddenly, as she stared, an idea took form in her mind. Aloud, she said, "Well I'll just have to take the chance."

"What?" questioned Miss Griswold.

"I'm going to enter my box after (Continued on page 49)



THE CONTEST NOTICE WAS POSTED ON THE BULLETIN BOARD

MATILDA'S

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

William the Conqueror, fresh from Rouen,
Worked at conquering all day long;
Wives, he felt, were to keep the background—
Husbands conquered, most bold and strong!
"Yes, my liege," said his wife, Matilda,
Meek, obedient as could be;
Wishing to please so great a warrior,
Sat and worked him in tapestry.

William the Conqueror conquered England—
Saxons shivered and Normans shook;
Ruled and ruined, and told his abbots,
"Write it down in my Domesday Book!"
"Now my glories will live till Domesday,
"Now I'm founding a dynasty!"
Matilda, here of some small assistance,
Rocked her babes and did tapestry.

Earls took breath and great kings took courage,
Each one snatched what he found to snatch;
Matilda threaded another needle,
Said, "These wools are quite hard to match!"



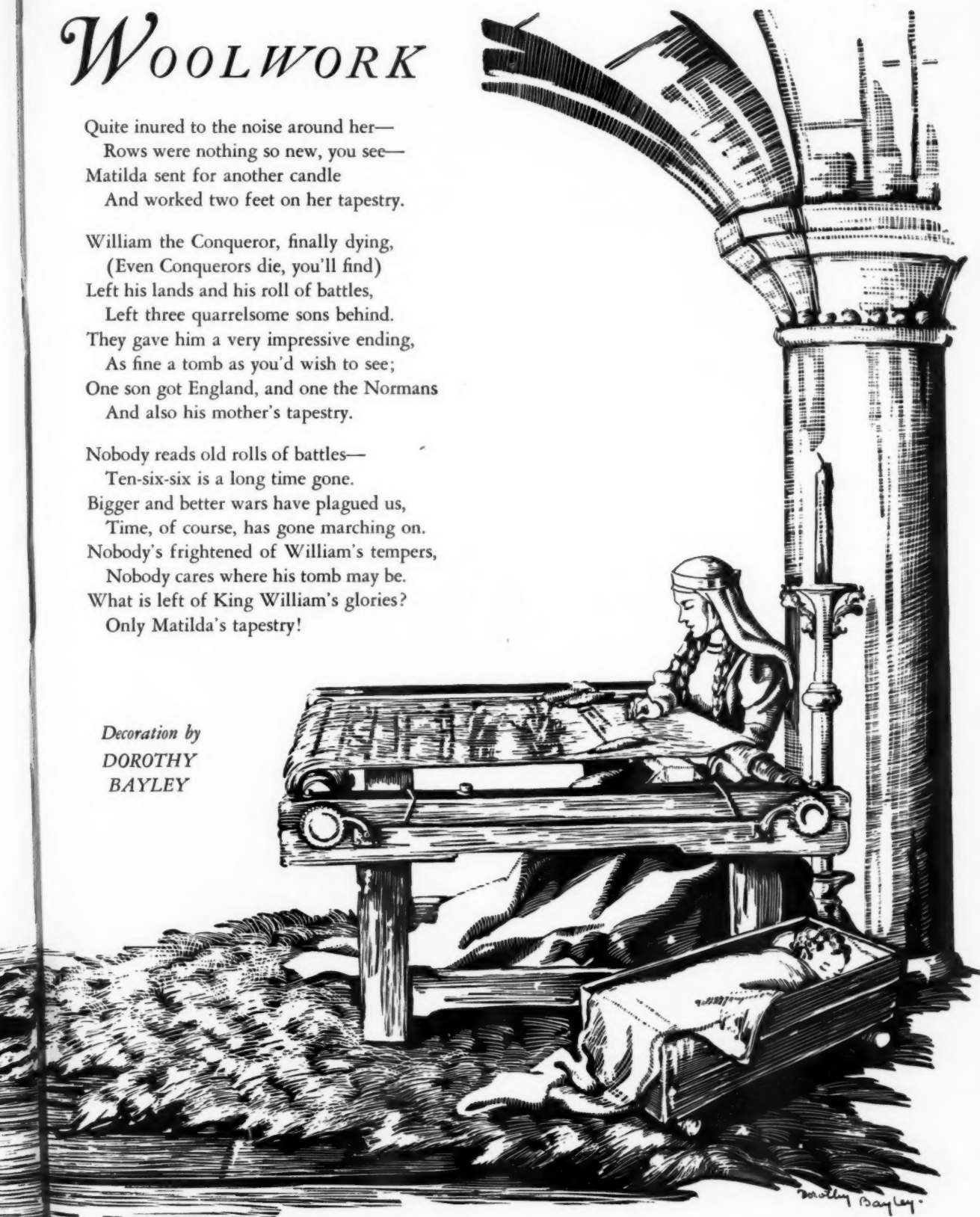
WOOLWORK

Quite inured to the noise around her—
Rows were nothing so new, you see—
Matilda sent for another candle
And worked two feet on her tapestry.

William the Conqueror, finally dying,
(Even Conquerors die, you'll find)
Left his lands and his roll of battles,
Left three quarrelsome sons behind.
They gave him a very impressive ending,
As fine a tomb as you'd wish to see;
One son got England, and one the Normans
And also his mother's tapestry.

Nobody reads old rolls of battles—
Ten-six-six is a long time gone.
Bigger and better wars have plagued us,
Time, of course, has gone marching on.
Nobody's frightened of William's tempers,
Nobody cares where his tomb may be.
What is left of King William's glories?
Only Matilda's tapestry!

Decoration by
DOROTHY
BAYLEY



SNOW STARS

By MARGUERITE ASPINWALL

PART TWO

A SUBDUED party started back to Piney Notch lodge. But in that exhilarating mountain air, with sharp blue skies above and a crisp snow crust under their skis, it was impossible for anyone to remain downhearted. By the time they came flying down the smooth home stretch, they were in wild spirits.

"I should think," Mandy said to Pete, "that we ought to hear something from Mr. Kennard to-day, don't you? He won't just let us down altogether, will he? We started something, and if he can't finish it, he ought to explain why."

Pete nodded, his eyes fixed on Piney Notch lodge which had just come into view. Mandy, noticing the fixity of his gaze, let her eyes follow his.

There were tire tracks in the snow ahead, where the obliterated road lead to the lodge. Since they had left the house that morning, a car had obviously passed and—judging by the way the tracks ran—it must have been heading for the lodge, and had not returned.

"Maybe it's Mr. Kennard himself," Mandy said. "I'll bet you anything he's come to tell us what's what."

"Race you down," was Pete's answer.

Snow dust flew up in their wake in an iridescent cloud, and the others, seeing this sudden spurt and not having guessed its cause, put on a burst of speed themselves. A few minutes later a laughing, breathless group swung to a highly professional stop in front of the lodge—and stared with curious eyes at the snow-splashed brown sedan parked before the steps.

"I told you so!" Mandy shouted. "Mr. Kennard's come—with news!"

But when they had opened the heavy front door, and trooped noisily into the big, fire-lit living room, she was proved quite wrong.

It was not Mr. Kennard, but a slenderly built boy of about fourteen who sat on the Navajo rug before the hearth, with Snip's black head snuggled confidently up against his knee. A boy with a frank, eager face and cropped red hair that curled irrepressibly in spite of the barber's shears.

They stopped short in astonishment, and the strange boy got to his feet in a single lithe motion.

"I've come to thank you, and to get my dog," he said in a voice that had a pleasant, carrying quality. "I'm Christopher Harland."

The first to recover from surprise, Mandy flashed him a smile and held out her hand. "You're Snow Star One, aren't you?" she asked him shrewdly. "It was I who discovered your name on Snip's—no, I guess I mean Christy's—collar."

The boy Christopher shook hands gravely.

"You'll never know the debt of gratitude you've

put Dad and me under by finding this little chap," he said to her. "It's still hard to believe it's really happened. He's been gone for four days. A man who was working for Dad, and knew of course that Christy could do remarkable tricks, vanished at the same time. But how Christy got away from him, I can't tell you."

"He's a darn smart dog," Pete said earnestly. "Do you suppose he was trying to find his way back when we stumbled on him? He was half buried in the snow at the foot of a big pine on the other side of this mountain. It was the barest chance, our finding him at all."

Christopher's instinctive wincing at the picture Pete's words called up, was proof of his feelings. His glance went to the little black dog at his feet, and the expression in his eyes just then was beautiful.

With a unanimous impulse, the whole group turned toward the hearth and found chairs in a semicircle.

"I guess I owe you folks the story," Christopher said, leaning forward, one hand playing absently with Christy's silky ears. "First—to kind of tell it all backward—a news-

paper man named Jim Kennard telephoned late last night that a black cocker, who was

A momentary setback to their mystery does

not long daunt the young people on Piney

Notch and excitement soon crowds upon them



The Story So Far

Four young people—Mandy, Ilse, Pete, and Davy—skiing in the Poconos, find a lost spaniel on lonely Piney Notch Mountain. They take the dog back to the house of Mandy's and Davy's uncle, John Forrest, whom they are visiting, and discover that the spaniel's collar bears a baffling inscription: "Snow Star I to Snow Star II. For luck."

Mr. Forrest remembers a popular motion picture called "Snow Stars," shown about two years before, in which a boy and a dog—a spaniel—did tricks on skates. He telephones a friend, a newspaperman in New York, and learns that both Snow Stars, boy and dog, disappeared at the height of their fame, and have never been heard from since. The studios, his friend says, had not made the matter public, believing the boy's father was holding them up for more money; they had received, it seems, a letter from him saying that, for reasons of his own, he was withdrawing his son from motion pictures.

The dog, Christy, had a trick, the journalist informs Mr. Forrest, which was never presented in public, but which he would do upon command. Mr. Forrest agrees to put the spaniel's identity to the test with this trick—and, sure enough, he proves to be the missing Snow Star II.

But where is Christopher, Snow Star I? Mr. Forrest's newspaper friend believes there is a chance of locating the boy through printing the story of the lost dog in the morning papers. Skiing to the nearest village, next morning, Mandy, Davy, Ilse, and Pete pounce on the papers. They are disappointed to find there is no mention in the paper of the mysterious Christopher or of the spaniel.

Illustrated
by HARVE
STEIN



A SLENDERLY BUILT BOY OF ABOUT FOURTEEN
SAT ON THE NAVAJO RUG BEFORE THE HEARTH



THE STOUT MAN'S NOSE WAS
RED FROM THE COLD AND HE
LOOKED DECIDEDLY CROSS

almost certainly Christy, had been found up on Piney Notch Mountain by a skiing party. He gave me Mr. Forrest's name, and, believe me, I didn't waste time in starting out. The first thing this morning, I took Jacques and the car. Jacques is an old Canadian, who used to be a champion skier and skater when he was young. He taught me, and Christy, too. He's been with us ever since I can remember."

"But wait—how did Jim Kennard know where to find you?" Mandy asked earnestly. "He didn't know, when Uncle John talked to him."

"I can explain that," Christopher returned. "We'd sent the police and all the papers a description of Christy, and offered a big reward. We didn't tell who he was, because Dad said that would make it harder to get him back. Anyone who had heard of him would realize he was worth barrels of money, and would hold out on us."

The others nodded. A famous Christy—Snow Star II—would, of course, be worth infinitely more than some boy's lost pet.

"Well," Christopher resumed, still tugging softly at the black dog's ears, "when Mr. Kennard did a little inquiring round, he found out there was a dog advertised as missing that answered to Christy's description. Then, without giving his paper the story as he'd been planning to do, he called Dad, hoping to get a fuller story before the news leaked out."

"So that's why there wasn't anything in the paper this morning," Ilse remarked. "Oh, do go on, Christopher! Go back to the very beginning, won't you?" she pleaded. "And let us in on the mystery of why you both disappeared in the first place."

"Ilse, maybe Christopher would rather not tell that," Mandy protested. "We're not asking you, Christopher, if you don't feel you ought to."

"No, it's all coming out now," the boy said quickly. "There's a little difficulty yet—but to-day ought to tell us whether its going to work out right, or not. So I'll go back to the beginning as—did you call her Ilse?—asked, and explain as I go along."

"We've been rude, I'm afraid," Uncle John broke in, putting his hand on Christopher's arm. "We've been so interested in you and Christy, and how it all happened, that we've never thought to introduce (Continued on page 32)



THE YOUNG

A favorite AMERICAN GIRL poet tells what poetry means to him, and gives the results of an interview with his daughter who is herself a young poet

I KNOW it is good for anybody to have children around, but it is especially so for poets. I am thankful I have four of them. They have taught me a good deal about what poetry is all about.

To begin with, I learned a mighty important thing about poetry from my children when they were almost at their beginning—the three I acquired first, all in one batch, so to speak. I discovered that they liked to hear me read poetry, even though they did not know what all the words meant. So I tried an experiment on them. I took down a book of Latin hymns of the Middle Ages. These they could not understand a syllable of. But they enjoyed them even more than they had the poems in English. They called for more and more. They loved them because of the pure music in them, the double and triple internal rhymes and the lovely music of the regular lines:

*"Nunc tribulatio; tunc recreatio, sceptru, coronae;
"Tunc nova gloria pectora sobria clarificabit,
"Solvat aenigmata, veraque sabbata continuabit"*

Nobody hearing such lines could possibly mistake them for anything but poetry, no matter what they might mean. My children, at their age, would not have cared a bit about this picture of heaven, even if they could have understood the words. What they were after, what poetry meant to them, was music. Just that, music, unmixed with ideas.

One of the first facts, then, about poetry is that it is music. It can do without many things. It can do without ideas even, sometimes. But music it must have.

I am not the first poet to discover this fact. Chaucer discovered it six hundred years ago. In one of his poems, in *The Canterbury Tales*, he tells about a seven-year-old choir boy who committed a hymn he used to sing in church to memory and went through the streets singing it at full cry. One day he asked an older choir boy what the words in the hymn said. He had been singing it all along because it delighted him just by its sound.

I think the next thing I learned about poetry from my children was that it had a kind of picture-painting in it that fascinated them. I found out that my son, who liked machinery and was as matter-of-fact as they make them, had learned a great many

POET TALKS ON POETRY

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

Illustrated by RICHARD BENNETT

poems in Walter de la Mare's *Peacock Pie*, on his own hook, without anybody's urging him. He said them aloud. He was especially enamoured with this one:

"Three jolly gentlemen
"In coats of red,
"Rode their horses
"Up to bed.

"Three jolly gentlemen
"Snored till morn,
"Their horses champing
"The golden corn."

I can see why that was. In just the fewest words possible—good downright words of action and color—there was a picture that made men and horses and food and bed seem unusually fine to my son. He liked to have those downright men and those downright horses around with him wherever he was, those men snoring and those horses chewing golden corn. So he up and cut the poem right into his memory, just where he could find it whenever he wanted it.

Second point about poetry, then: *it pleases people so much that they want to make it their own by means of memory.* This, it seems to me, is one of the most important facts of all about poetry. Long before history began, thousands of singers passed on poems from their memories to the memories of men to come. There were the Greek rhapsodists who carried whole epics in their heads, there were the Anglo-Saxon gleemen who did the same, there were the bards of Iceland and Ireland. Next to composing poems, the remembering of them was most important. People on the borders of Scotland and England did without schools, did without books, did without food and houses, often, for hundreds of years. But they could not do without poetry. They treasured up long songs in their memories and taught them to their children. And so the ballads about Young Hunting and Edom o' Gordon and Robin Hood lived on without ever being printed. And when the Scottish crossed the sea and set up housekeeping on one of our first frontiers in the Dark and Bloody Ground of Kentucky, they had these songs of Scotland with them. The Bible and these songs were all they had.

Once, when one of my daughters was recovering from an illness, she got well (*Continued on page 38*)



GIRL SCOUTS CELEBRATE their TWENTY-SEVENTH BIRTHDAY



Photograph by Paul Parker

A CORNER OF THE GIRL SCOUT SHOP IN RADIO CITY WHERE THREE NEW MODELS SHOW HOW SMART THE UNIFORM CAN LOOK WHEN IT FITS WELL, IS NEATLY PRESSED, AND EVENLY HEMMED. BETTY IS THE BROWNIE HOLDING HER HANDS TO THE FIREPLACE BLAZE; SYLVIA IS THE GIRL SCOUT IN INTERMEDIATE UNIFORM; AND SUE IS THE SENIOR SCOUT AT THE RIGHT IN HER FOREST GREEN SENIOR DRESS WITH HARLEQUIN BELT

BENEATH: MOTHER LENDS A HELPING HAND WITH RULER AND PINS, TO MAKE CERTAIN THAT THE SKIRT OF A NEW UNIFORM WILL HANGEVENLY



ABOVE: A BIRTHDAY CAKE FOR THE GIRL SCOUT ANNIVERSARY. THIS YEAR TWENTY-SEVEN CANDLES WILL BURN BRIGHTLY, THROWING THEIR LITTLE BEAMS FARTHER ALL THE TIME. AT RIGHT: IT'S SAID TWO COOKS MAY SPOIL THE BROTH, BUT NOT THE CAKE! THESE TWO SCOUT COOKS AT THE LITTLE HOUSE IN WASHINGTON, D. C., ARE GOING TO PRODUCE A CAKE TO BE PROUD OF!



WHEELING ALONG TOGETHER ARE FIVE WARREN, PENNSYLVANIA GIRL SCOUTS WHO PAUSE FOR A MOMENT TO HAVE THEIR PICTURES TAKEN. THEY HAVE PROBABLY READ THE ARTICLE ON BICYCLE SAFETY IN "THE AMERICAN GIRL" LAST AUGUST, AND ARE WELL PREPARED FOR A GLORIOUS RIDE

BELOW: A SENIOR GIRL SCOUT ARRANGES A FLOWER CENTER FOR THE BIRTHDAY



CELEBRATE BIRTHDAY

For more than a quarter of a century, Girl Scouting has brought self-reliance, wider horizons, the joy of accomplishment and service, to the girlhood of America, and has helped train girls to become better citizens



GIRL SCOUTS ARE ON THE AIR! WITH THEIR SCRIPTS FIRMLY HELD IN THEIR HANDS AND THE MICROPHONE READY, THESE GIRLS OF EVANSVILLE, INDIANA, ARE READY TO BEGIN THEIR WEEKLY FIFTEEN MINUTE BROADCAST WHICH WILL TELL THEIR LISTENERS ABOUT GIRL SCOUT ACTIVITIES

RIGHT: A REPLICA OF THE FIRST GIRL SCOUT LITTLE HOUSE IN SAVANNAH, GEORGIA, ORIGINALLY A STABLE AT JULIETTE LOW'S HOME BUT NOW HISTORIC AS THE BIRTHPLACE OF GIRL SCOUTING. IT WAS MADE TO SCALE BY WASHINGTON, D. C., SCOUTS



ABOVE AND BELOW: TWO VIEWS OF THE SCALE MODEL OF THE FIRST GIRL SCOUT HEADQUARTERS. THE SMALL FIGURES REPRESENT MRS. LOW AND A GROUP OF GIRL SCOUTS. THE MINIATURE IS COMPLETE, EVEN TO THE TREES, SHRUBS, AND GARDEN



THIS BRIGHT-EYED, ALERT GIRL SCOUT MIGHT BE BOBO WITHER-SPON IN "THE ARTISTIC URGE" (SEE PAGE 5 THIS ISSUE) POSING FOR HER GIRL SCOUT POSTER! INSTEAD, SHE'S A MEMBER OF TROOP ONE IN SALEM, OHIO



GIRL SCOUTS *are prepared— part in flood relief, or a parade!*



AT LEFT: AN OLD PICKET FENCE IN WARREN, PENNSYLVANIA, ACQUIRES A NEW COAT OF WHITE-WASH WHEN THREE SCOUTS, IN CONTRAST TO TOM SAWYER, DECIDE THAT PAINTING A FENCE IS FUN. AT RIGHT: MEMBERS OF KRAMER TROOP NO. ONE, STUMP CREEK, PENNSYLVANIA, BEFORE THE FIREHOUSE WHICH THEY FURNISHED THEMSELVES



GIRL SCOUTS OF TROOP SEVENTY-THREE OF PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND, WITH BUNDLES OF CLOTHES AND BLANKETS THEY COLLECTED FROM THEIR NEIGHBORS TO DISTRIBUTE TO REFUGEES FROM THE HURRICANE AND THE TIDAL FLOOD

GIRL SCOUTS HELP OTHERS

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND: On September twenty-first, the first day of autumn, a tropical hurricane struck New England. Beside the millions of dollars loss because of the fury of the wind, many settlements along the coast were wiped out by the tidal flood. Many families were left homeless, or entirely wiped out, and various societies, such as the Red Cross and the American Legion, put out calls for help from the more fortunate citizens. Our troop committee (Troop 73) chairman, who is quite active in the American Legion, told us that clothing, bedding, and shoes were in great demand. Accordingly our leader sent notices to the various girls of the troop, asking us to collect such goods from our neighborhoods. The notices were sent about three P. M., and that evening we had a very sizable pile of clothes and blankets to send. The next day brought more, and the next day even more, for the flood relief. In all, the girls collected about fifty cartons and bags of articles which we sincerely hoped would be useful. We decided to put this in the troop records and to take a few pictures of ourselves packing what bundles remained to be sent, as many pictures had been shown of the stricken areas, but very few of what was being done to help out.

In conclusion, we Girl Scouts wish to extend cordial thanks to all the neighbors who rummaged cellars and attics, chests and trunks, in search of anything that might help in this time of emergency.

Jean Woolley, Troop Scribe

OUR STAR REPORTER

Don't forget that the best news report on Girl Scout activities is published in this space. The writer, who is the Star Reporter of the month, receives a book as an award. The Star Reporter's story, of two to three hundred words, should tell: What was the event? When did it happen? Who took part? What made it interesting?

RUTH HORNER of Troop 55, Brooklyn, New York, has the honor of being named Star Reporter for March. Ruth writes:

"The members of Girl Scout Troop 55 were in great spirits as we walked briskly toward the B. M. T. station on Armistice Day, 1938. We were on our way to the New York World's Fair grounds.

"Our first gasp of awe escaped when we viewed for the first time, from the elevated shuttle, the fairyland spread out before our eyes. It truly looked like fairyland, with its predominating colors, cream, pink, and blue. We were deeply impressed by the uncompleted perisphere and trylon, for we had never realized how huge they really are.

"As we entered the grounds, the sound of beating drums came nearer, and we quickened our pace, not wanting to miss anything. Much to our surprise and delight, we discovered a parade consisting of almost all the patriotic organizations you could possibly name. We met many other Girl Scouts and were informed that we could enter the parade. Do you think we hesitated?

"We marched up to the reviewing stand and there the parade halted to hear the speeches. While our national anthem was played, the representatives from the sixty-two nations of the Fair raised their respective flags. This was followed by a salute of twenty-one guns. Sixty-two small parachutes were then shot into the air. As each one opened, the flag of each of the sixty-two nations represented floated out. The last of all was Old Glory. I knew then that ours is the most beautiful flag of all. I never saw a more impressive sight, as these lovely, bright-colored flags formed a parade of their own, high above us.

"Troop 55 was indeed proud as we wearily but happily made our way home that evening. We had taken part in the 1939 Court of Peace. If only the peace and good will toward men that was felt in every heart that day could be spread all over the world! None of us, I know, will ever forget it."

whether the occasion may demand taking

PROVIDENCE GIRL SCOUTS TAKE
AID TO HURRICANE REFUGEES



A BROWNIE SCOUT OF WARREN, PENNSYLVANIA, SUPERVISES THE SUPPER HOUR OF HER LITTLE SISTER

GIRL SCOUTS ARE USEFUL

ANSONIA, CONNECTICUT: Bang! Bang!
Bang! Bang!

"Wake up! The dike's broken! Wake up!" Up from eighteen cots popped eighteen heads of sleepy-eyed Girl Scouts. Cries of "Who's making all that noise?" were mingled with excited shouts of "Hurry and get up! The dike's broken! We've got to get out of here."

This five-thirty A. M. episode was the climax of five days of incessant downpour. The eighteen New England girls and three leaders who had journeyed to Potter House, Storowton, for a week at the Eastern States Exposition, experienced an even more thrilling time than they could have anticipated.

First had come hours of learning the history of quaint Storowton, hours of reciting Captain John Potter's seven trades, etc., to bands of rain-soaked sightseers, hours of damp walks to even damper Fair exhibits. There were even times when no sightseers ventured forth into the rain, and our only company was the cheerful, blazing fireplace.

Late Wednesday afternoon the hurricane struck! Everything toppled to the ground—the grandstand roof, ferris wheels, farm equipment, telegraph poles, large trees, and even the main entrance gate to the Fair! When the ridge pole of the historic Storowton town hall started to lift anchor from its moorings, a half dozen Scouts dashed to the rescue of old quilts, laces, and other relics.

After the storm had passed, we gazed open-mouthed at the havoc created by the hurricane. "Boy, oh boy, wait until we tell them about this at home!" were our cries at that time. Little did we realize then how much more we would have to say the next day.

For, after our unexpected and unprecedentedly early rising, everyone just hopped out of bed and into somebody else's clothes. Betsy had on Scottie's blouse and Sharlie's skirt. At the Y. M. C. A. she changed blouses with Nicky. Now Nicky had Scottie's blouse and Scottie still wasn't straight. Bonnie had a brown-and-white saddle-shoe on one foot and a dark moccasin on the other. Robin had one bedroom slipper and one shoe. Socks and stockings were either missing, mismatched, or inside out.

We didn't have time to see that then, though! Nine of us were crowded quickly into a car and sent to the West Springfield

Community "Y." For a time we thought we couldn't get to our destination. An underpass on our road was so badly flooded that it was already impassable. We turned around and sought a route over the Agawam Bridge. Cattle and horses were being led over it from the Exposition grounds, and we had to crowd through these to get over the bridge. We had wanted to see the rodeo a few days before, and now we saw the cowboys herding cattle with a reason. Their wild and woolly Western art proved extremely useful even in the tame North!

After we had entered the "Y" we remembered our third Scout law—a Girl Scout's duty is to be useful and to help others. We went up to the desk and asked the man in charge whether we could help. Why, of course, we could take care of registration. Without waiting to look for a door to the little office, we jumped on the counter and, before you could say "Hi-yo Silver!" were over the desk and ready for work.

Now came the struggle! There were six, eight, and even as many as twelve children in some of the families. When we tried to fill out the registration cards, some mothers could scarcely remember the names of the children, let alone their ages. But could you blame them? If your home and all your possessions were being inundated, inch by inch, wouldn't you, yourself, be frantic with worry? Well, we got through the registration, anyway.

After the rest of our troop arrived, there was more work to be done. Children (about one hundred and seventy in all) were dashing about everywhere, further adding to the confusion. Some of our Child Nurses herded many of them together and directed games. Our leader and Margaret also amused them by telling some of their interesting fairy tales.

Our cooks helped prepare breakfast for the hungry refugees. Persons requiring first aid treatment were taken care of. Everyone worked furiously at something—worked in an atmosphere of pitiful suffering, for people were crying hysterically. They could not and would not be comforted.

A building full of flood refugees is something that cannot be described. You can see pictures of it, you can hear about experiences, but not until you actually experience it yourself, do you realize exactly what it is. The memory is one that you cannot soon forget.



THESE TWO GIRL SCOUTS OF LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA, ENJOYED WORKING FOR THE COOK'S BADGE AND PLEASING THEIR FAMILIES WITH THEIR CULINARY SKILL

While we were doing this engrossing work, Mrs. Storrow, our hostess, was very much worried about us. She was anxious to have us brought to the safety and hospitality of the Hotel Kimball. After working zealously all morning and after the situation was well under control, we left the "Y" in small groups. Before going to the hotel, we decided to rescue our luggage. The water had not reached the Fair grounds and we thought there would be ample time to get our packing done neatly. But we were hardly half finished when again we heard cries of, "Another dike's gone! Don't stop for anything! Come down and get into a car!"

Was there a spell cast over this house? Must we be routed out at lightning speed every time we entered? Well, there was no time to argue about that then. Another mad rush downstairs! A quick farewell to the Fair grounds. Away we went—to the Hotel Kimball this time! And all in answer to a false report, for the dike hadn't broken after all.

What a glorious time we had at the hotel! In our hastily made dormitory, we were able to have all the fun and make all the noise we wanted—and did we do it! Everywhere we went we were greeted with interested smiles and kind remarks, for everyone seems to have respect for neatly uniformed Girl Scouts.

On Thursday evening, September twenty-second, we had a birthday party for our kind hostess, Mrs. James J. Storrow. The party was intended for the Potter House Troop only, but we saw how much esteemed Mrs. Storrow is when everyone in the large dining room, Scout and ordinary citizen alike, joined in wishing her a happy birthday.

But all thrilling events must end. When bus and train service was restored, off we went! It was truly the most exciting time any Potter House Troop has ever had.

Mary Elizabeth Petro, Troop IV



THE MAGIC of the NEEDLE

Marjorie is introduced to another fascinating craft, with Aunt Lolly as her guide

By CHESTER MARSH

Arts and Crafts Adviser, Girl Scouts Inc.

A MODERN STORY SAMPLER MADE BY MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, JR. TO COMMEMORATE VARIOUS SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITIONS OF THE COLONEL'S FOR SPECIMENS OF WILD ANIMALS. IT SHOWS HIM "SKIPPING UPON THE HILLS" SURROUNDED BY A BORDER DESIGN OF BEASTS, MANY OF WHICH ARE NOW IN THE FIELD MUSEUM IN CHICAGO. AT THE FOOT OF THE PAGE IS ANOTHER SAMPLER BY MRS. ROOSEVELT, A GIFT TO HER DOCTOR TO CONVINCE HIM SHE WAS EXERCISING AS HE HAD ORDERED

MISS LOLLIE GRAHAM'S cheeks were rosy and her eyes were shining as she and her niece dropped into chairs before the wide fireplace.

Miss Graham's maid was on her knees, touching a match to the kindling under two big logs. She looked up, chuckling.

"Land sakes, you-all sure is puffin'. From de time you been gone, you must-a walked over half of Connecticut. Shall I bring you some tea—an' mebbe some cup cakes? Jus' made 'em fresh."

Rising, ponderously, Annie watched to see if the fire caught properly. Little flames licked exploringly around the logs, crackling and sputtering and lighting up her broad, cheerful, black face.

"Tea will be wonderful—won't it, Marjorie?—and cup cakes by all means, Annie." Aunt Lolly leaned back in her chair and stuck her feet, in well-worn walking shoes, out toward the blaze.

Marjorie tried to smooth her windblown brown curls. "Oh, Aunt Lolly, it's such fun—walking for two hours in all this wind, meeting no one and seeing nothing but sand and blue sky and the sea, and then coming back to tea and cup cakes and a jolly fire. I love it—I just love it." She gave up trying to make her hair behave and snuggled luxuriously down into the big wing chair.

Aunt Lolly looked lovingly at her niece. "It's a gay, fine world, isn't it, chick? And the more we see of it and the longer we live in it, the better it gets."

Marjorie opened big brown eyes. "For you, Aunt Lolly—yes—and for those of us who are lucky enough to go walking and working with you. But I don't believe many people have such a good time living as you do."

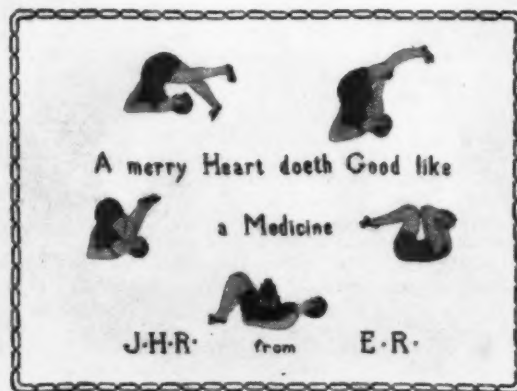
Aunt Lolly laughed. "You're young yet, honey. You haven't had time to learn about all the wonderful things there are to see and to do. Look what a good time you've had since you learned how to make pottery."

Marjorie took a steaming cup of tea from Annie's well-laden tray, added sugar and lemon, then leaned back with a cup cake in

one hand and the tea cup in the other.

"Yes," she said, as Annie set the tray on a low table near her aunt's chair, "yes, I do have a grand time making pottery, but what I mean is—I can't make pottery all the time, and I don't seem to know how to do other things. You always find something thrilling to do—like this walk in the wind to-day—like the English country dances last night. You know what I mean, I don't seem to have much imagination; all I can think of is going to a new moving picture. For instance, I can't think of a single thing to do this afternoon after we finish this delicious tea." She took a big bite of cake and looked at her aunt expectantly, sure that she would not fail her.

Aunt Lolly sipped her tea



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and gazed into the fire for a long time before she answered.

"That, my dear, is a grave admission and something to be corrected. We should have our interest shelves as well stocked with ideas and activities as we have our pantry shelves stocked with food."

Marjorie sat up. "I see," she said. "So we won't be lacking for something to do when we're at loose ends, just as we don't want to be lacking for food when we're hungry."

"Right!" said Aunt Lolly. "Pottery and—shall we say books and music?—when we are lonely, bread and cheese when we are hungry, all stored carefully away on our shelves, ready when the need arises."

"Well, Aunt Lolly, I know where to get bread and cheese, but I'm not so sure I know where to go for ideas. You certainly can't buy them from a store." Marjorie grinned impishly. "Just think how funny it would be to visit Ye Olde Idea Shoppe for something to do on a windy afternoon in March."

Aunt Lolly laughed as she reached for another cup cake.

"It's a good thing we don't get them like that. Half the charm of our interests lies in the way we find them. I never make a piece of pottery that I don't think with warm friendship of the kind old potter who introduced the craft to me."

"I know," said Marjorie. "I never take clay in my hands that I don't think of you and the fun I've had up here."

Aunt Lolly smiled over her teacup. "Yesterday, when we visited the exhibit of needlecraft in New York, I saw something that looked wonderfully interesting. I can hardly wait for an opportunity to try something like it."

"What is it?" asked Marjorie. "I didn't see anything unusual, just a lot of cushions and bell pulls and footstools—what was so exciting?"

"Didn't you look at the early American samplers and those interesting modern ones that were made by Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.?"

"Yes, I did. They were lovely, but I don't see how they could suggest something for an interest shelf." Marjorie set her cup down on the tray. "Do you mean collecting samplers?"

"No, I mean making samplers," said Aunt Lolly. "You see—when I looked first at the old samplers and then at Mrs. Roosevelt's—I thought that, in a way, they symbolized the difference between our lives to-day and the lives of women a century ago. The old samplers were so prim, with neat little rows of letters and figures, and with solemn little verses about deportment and death. Some of them, you remember, even had pictures of tombstones and weeping willows."

Marjorie was sitting forward in her chair. "Yes, I know, and Mrs. Roosevelt's were full of action and freedom and the joy of living. I see what you mean. The old samplers were pictures of the things people were told to do and were supposed to think in prim Colonial days, and Mrs. Roosevelt's samplers are pictures of the things people do and think about to-day. Didn't you love the one she made of Mr. Roosevelt's hunting trip—with him 'skipping upon the hills' and all the animals around him? What fun she must have had making it!"

Marjorie sat silent for a moment, picturing to herself the beautiful colors and delicate stitchery of the hunting sampler.

"Of course she had fun making it, that's what you mean, (Continued on page 45)

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

SNOW STARS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

ourselves. I'm John Forrest, as you've probably guessed, and this young lady, on your right, is my niece, Mandy House. Ilse Halliday and Peter Burns are old friends, and this is my nephew, Mandy's brother Davy."

Christopher made a formal little bow to each of his new acquaintances in turn.

"Thank you, Mr. Forrest," he said. "I'll certainly never forget any of you, after what you've done for Christy and me."

They settled down again after that interruption, and he resumed the tale of what had happened to the Snow Stars in California two years before.

"I guess you know that Christy and I made a picture that was—kind of popular," the boy said a little shyly. They liked him instinctively for that touch of humility. Christopher didn't boast, and certainly, if ever a boy had cause for being proud of his achievements, he had!

They nodded at him again, approvingly, and he went on in that low-pitched, curiously carrying voice. "The studio was getting ready to sign a—rather important contract for us to do a series of pictures in the next three years. It would mean more money than Dad or I'd ever dreamed of—we'd been quite poor till then, you see. It meant saving for the future, a college fund for me some day, and lots of nice things right now, like traveling and seeing new places. We—we were awfully happy."

"I'll bet you were," Pete said heartily. "Maybe I wouldn't feel like I was sitting on top of the world, if I could do a thing like that for my dad!"

Mandy burst out, unable to contain herself, "Oh, please, Christopher, what happened then?"

The boy got to his feet and went to stand with his back to the fire, squaring his shoulders under his red wool sweater as if bracing himself against something painful to remember.

"I got hurt," he said simply. "Dad and I were fond of mountain climbing, and we used to take long hikes over week-ends and holidays. I'd never had an accident before. But that day—" he drew a sharp breath—"my foot slipped on a bit of loose shale. It started a small slide, and I was caught off balance. I went over a pretty bad drop, and did something to my back. They thought, for a while, I'd be—paralyzed in both legs always."

Protesting gasps went about the intent circle.

"But Dad wouldn't give up fighting, no matter what the doctors said," Christopher continued. "He made them keep my accident a secret, too, from the studio and the papers. If word got about that I was—*through*, he was afraid of its effect on my next picture, if I did recover later. You see, we were both sure that some day Christy and I *would* make another picture. So he had me taken to a private hospital in New York—under another name. Only the surgeon who operated on me, and the highest-up hospital authorities, knew who I was."

It was all pathetically clear now to everyone—that gallant fight against such terrible odds, and the grim resolve of one man and a hurt boy not to be pitied.

"I was in that hospital nearly six months," Christopher said. "It was pretty bad at first, but after a while the surgeons began to agree that I had a chance. And, a little later, we were all sure I would walk again. They

weren't committing themselves as to skating. When I was discharged from the hospital, Dad and old Jacques brought me to a house Dad rented in the Poconos—it's about fifty miles from here. The outdoor life, the good air, and Dad's and Jacques' care brought me round. They started me out doing simple exercises that first summer, and by the time snow came I was on skis again. After that it was just slowly gaining an inch here, and another there—building up the old stunts and working out new ones."

"And now—" Mandy prompted, her cheeks glowing.

"Oh, this winter I've been strong as ever. We've a grand new program—Christy and I—and Dad decided six weeks ago that the time had come to get in touch with the studio and tell 'em the truth. They were—kind of doubtful, at first. Thought it was some sort of hold-up game for more salary. Then, they were afraid maybe I wasn't so good now—just as we'd thought they'd feel. My old director—he's tops in that studio as far as making important decisions goes—decided he would come on East, while the snow was in the mountains, and see Christy and me perform—for proof."

There was a short silence. Then Christopher said, "He arrived the morning after Christy'd been stolen. He—he's a foreigner and awfully excitable, and he flew into a terrific rage without giving us a chance to convince him of anything. He thought we were pretending Christy was lost, as some sort of publicity stunt. I—I guess maybe the yarn *did* seem a bit queer—after the way we'd simply disappeared. Anyhow, he turned right round and went back to New York. He told Dad he'd stay there for one week, and if we decided to produce Christy within that time, to get in touch with him there."

"I think he was *horrid*," Ilse declared indignantly. "But when the call came from Mr. Kennard—"

"Oh, Dad drove right to New York last night without waiting to come here with me," Christopher said. "If he can see Mr. Gothanberg, he's going to try to bring him back today. I—I took the liberty of using your telephone," he added apologetically, "as soon as I reached here and found it *was* Christy after all. I telephoned the New York office of the studio, and left word with Mr. Gothanberg's secretary where I was, and to tell Dad that I'd stay here till he called me."

Mandy squealed excitedly, "Oh, Christopher, it's—*it's* like *living* the most thrilling story!"

Christopher said, "I hope so, Mandy," soberly, and just then a diversion was made by the announcement of lunch, and everyone trooped out to the bountifully laden table.

LATER they returned to the fire, but this time no one felt like talking. Christopher was listening with painful anxiety for the telephone bell. Surely his father would call him from New York, and let him know what to do. That is, supposing he had received the message. He might not have been able to see Gothanberg so quickly—the secretary had been vague and non-committal. She seemed never to have heard of Christopher Harland, or Snow Stars.

It was almost three o'clock before the word they were all waiting for came—and then in an entirely unanticipated fashion.

A car honked imperatively and the sound was followed by a screaming of brakes on the slippery road. There were men's voices, raised a little, and footsteps on the porch.

Pete, Davy, and Christopher made a simultaneous rush for the front door, with Christy, barking wildly, at their heels.

Two men came in together, one tall and red haired, the other short and swarthy and stout. The stout man wore a fur coat of muskrat, that muffled him from chin to the tops of high storm-galoshes. His nose was red from the cold, and he looked decidedly cross.

The taller man bore a convincing resemblance to young Christopher, which made the latter's eager introduction of "This is my dad, folks!" unnecessary.

Christy flung himself with enthusiasm on Mr. Harland, and then, at a word from the boy, offered his paw politely to the fur-muffled stranger.

At that, the stout man broke into a grin, and the lines of ill humor smoothed out of his face in quite magical fashion. Stooping, he shook hands warmly with Christy.

"Hello, Snow Star Number Two," he said in a voice that was rough and yet somehow kindly. "What's all this about your going off with strange men? Hi, what have you to say?"

Christy said it with a politely wagging tail. The stout man, who was presently introduced as the director, Mr. Gothanberg, laughed and turned to the others.

"I apologize to Mr. Harland, to Christopher, and to Snow Star Two, for my suspicions," he said. "But if any of you had been as long in the particular world I live and work in, as I have, you'd realize that some pretty queer things do happen."

"You're satisfied that this really is Christy, then?" Christopher asked. He was still a little resentful of that scene several days ago, when the director had stormed out of the Harland house, leaving the implied accusation of a lie behind him.

"Yes, I have no doubts on that score," the man said, letting just the faintest breath of accent stress the word "that."

"But then," Mr. Harland was beginning impulsively, when suddenly Christopher flushed deeply and stood up very straight, his eyes meeting his old director's in a curiously probing glance, for a boy.

"Mr. Gothanberg means, Dad," he said, holding his voice steady by an obvious effort, "that he's not convinced I am the same Christopher. In other words, he still wants proof that I can ski and skate as I did before the accident. Well, that ought to be easily proved, sir. I noticed," he added, "driving over here, that there's a little lake at the foot of that hill—" he gestured toward the south side of the house—"with a grand slope of hard snow leading down to it, and if you veer a bit to the right coming down, there's a ledge that would make a perfect ski jump. What about all of us going over there now, and letting me do my stuff for the gentleman?"

"Done—and I admire your spirit, Snow Star One," Mr. Gothanberg applauded. "I'll apologize again, when it's all over." He pulled his fur collar tighter about his ears as he turned toward the door.

There was a scramble to find coats, caps, and skis. An extra pair of skis and of skates belonging to Pete (who had come to Piney Notch armed for all contingencies) were offered to Christopher who, not knowing he

would need them, had not brought his own. "But I did bring these," the latter said quickly, and, opening the front door, darted out to the brown sedan. From a door pocket, he produced four absurdly small, shining blades that were like no other skates anyone there, except the director and the two Harlands, had ever seen before.

"They're Christy's," Christopher said, and added proudly, "I gave them to him when we knew 'Snow Stars' was going to be a success, same time I gave him his collar. They're silver skates. I brought them along to prove that the dog you'd found *was* Christy—prove it to other people, I mean. There'd never be any doubt with me about my own dog."

Mr. Gothanberg, who couldn't ski, accompanied them in his car—in which, for politeness sake, Uncle John and Mr. Harland also rode. But the youngsters and Christy went gaily on fleet feet.

"Stop down here by the lake," Christopher commanded, when they had reached the foot of the slope. "Christy and I'll go up and make the run from the top of the ridge."

They watched the two figures, growing smaller as they climbed the steep way to the summit. Christopher's red sweater stood out vividly against the white background. Little black Christy dwindled to a gamboing dark ball, trailing in his master's wake.

Up and up and up, the two went. Then they vanished abruptly over the top, and the tense spectators below held their breaths and waited with what patience they could command.

SUDDENLY Mandy shouted, "There he comes! Oh, Pete—Ilse—Uncle John—did you ever see anything so—*lovely*?"

Down the white slope a scarlet flame came flying, trailing snow clouds behind it like smoke following fire. Faster and faster in a smooth, effortless swoop that seemed ready in another moment to soar above the earth, like a bird, or a plane, or a bright shooting star.

It swerved easily to the right, and made for the drop in the hillside that overhung the lake. Then they saw the boy's body lift in a long, shining arc, arms spread, and at that moment they were able to see that he carried something small and black slung on his back, pa-poose fashion.

"It's Christy!" Davy gasped. "He's carrying Christy on his back! *Gosh!*"

The skis touched the snow-bordered edge of the lake, and flashed out across the frozen surface, which had been swept clear of snow by the wind. The boy faced about, against the far shore, and with a quick movement they saw him lift the dog down from his perch, and set him on the ice.

Mr. Gothanberg uttered a hoarse chuckle that sounded like triumph. "The dog's got his skates on—look at him!" he commanded, and held out a fur-clad arm that shook.

Christy was as much at home on his funny little silver skates as if it were quite the usual thing for a small dog to go skating on mountain lakes. His motion at first resembled a kind of stilted trot, that gradually smoothed and quickened. In another moment he was rocking along in an easy swing, four black paws working with the regularity of piston rods on a locomotive.

Nearer and nearer came the comical little figure, and then a red-garbed skater overtook and passed him in a series of swifter and more complicated whirls. Round and round Christy went Snow Star Number One, now hurdling the dog, now circling in a great arc around him.

None of them had seen the boy stop to ex-

change skis for skates, so intent had they all been on Christy's startling progress, and the suddenness of his appearance on the scene was like a carefully planned climax.

Up to the spectators came the two skating stars, and stopped, as if at a spoken command, directly in front of Mr. Gothanberg. Christopher said briskly, "Christy, 'tension! Spin!'"

Just as he had done last evening at the lodge, Christy rose to his hind legs. Lightly poised on two small silver skates, he began to revolve. Mandy, Ilse, and the two boys were shouting themselves hoarse now, in wild applause. Faster and faster the little dog spun, and then, beside him, Christopher, too, was spinning in mad circles on his own skates.

As before, they stopped at some unseen signal, and Christy's right paw and the boy's right hand came smartly up in salute.

"I've been dreaming it—it can't be real," Ilse protested, rubbing her dazzled eyes, and that broke the tension. Everyone laughed, and Mr. Gothanberg shook hands with first Christopher and then Christy.

"I apologize once more," he said. "I ought to have known better. My two Snow Stars were always incapable of trickery and the usual craze for publicity. We shall dig out the new contract I was preparing two years ago, and polish up the script I was having written for you."

He broke off, shaking his head, his black eyes alight.

"No—not that old script," he declared firmly. "I have a better one now. We shall tell the real story of the Snow Stars' disappearance. We shall show Christopher's accident, his wonderful fight back to health and skill. We shall show the stealing of little Christy and—yes, I shall even tell tales on myself—we shall tell of my misunderstanding, and of how Christy was found; and the last scene shall be what we have just witnessed, now."

"Oh, Mr. Gothanberg, will you put *us* in it, too?" Mandy, the irrepressible, burst out ecstatically. "I don't mean, of course, that we ourselves will do the acting—but—"

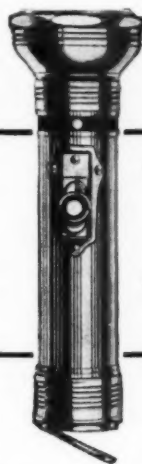
"But the story shall be acted just as it happened," the director assured her, mopping his forehead which was wet in spite of the bitter cold. "It will be the picture of a lifetime—because it will be *true*. Because it will be—in addition to great skating—a human document that will go to everyone's heart who sees it. And I shall call it," he added slowly, as if he were thinking aloud and not addressing the eager group clustered about him, "I shall call it 'Lost Stars.'"

"I like that name," Mandy said with conviction. She felt quite forgiving and friendly toward the stout director now, and, being Mandy, showed it by linking her mittened fingers in his arm as confidingly as if he had been Uncle John.

Mr. Gothanberg twinkled amiably down at her. "I like it myself," he agreed. "And, if I may be allowed to be quite frank, I like all these new friends of my Snow Stars. I'd like to know them better, to be sure I get them into my picture quite accurately. Do you suppose you might ask me to stay to supper?"

The invitation was promptly forthcoming, and warmly seconded by everyone present. And, as a consequence, around the laden supper table in Piney Notch lodge that evening, the groundwork for a great picture (which you've probably all seen this year) was first put together—a picture whose name was to be in lights across most of the theatres in the country before another six months should go by—**LOST STARS**.

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IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

WILL JAPAN SLAM THE DOOR?

When our diplomats speak of America's open-door policy in China, they mean equal commercial and industrial rights there for the citizens of all countries. Within the last few months, though, Japan has stated more bluntly than ever a conviction she has held for many years: the door must be shut and Japan is the one to shut it. She insists that changed conditions—namely, her conquests—have created a new order in East Asia. In other words, non-Japanese nations may do business with China only so far as Japan sees fit to let them.

To this, the United States, Great Britain, and France have, in effect, answered, "We don't recognize any new order in East Asia



brought about by force. But we're willing to talk things over, in peaceful negotiations." There, as this is written, the matter rests: a deadlock.

Just how did the principle of the open door come to be so important? When we look for an answer in history we find that certain European nations were not quite blameless in their dealings with China.

A little more than a century ago the open door principle didn't exist. Before 1834, there was only a trickle of trade with Canton. In that year, however, Great Britain grew restless under the restrictions that kept alien business and "foreign devils" out of the land of silk and tea. Britain asked China's rulers, the Manchus, to open their rich country to outside trade. That demand brought the Anglo-Chinese war of 1834-42: a war fought, largely, to maintain England's opium trade at Canton. Britain, victorious, began to do more business with China; so did France and the United States.

Americans had begun to build swift, graceful clipper ships to carry Yankee goods to China and bring back gorgeous silks, "fresh" tea, chinaware, and fragrant sandalwood. In 1849, New York's *Sea Witch* made a record run from China to New York. She took "only" seventy-four days and fourteen hours. Her famous rival, the Boston-built *Flying Cloud*, was making "extraordinarily expeditious" runs to China, too. (Our artist has sketched the *Flying Cloud* for us.)

Many Chinese were gaining by foreign

trade, but friction had not ended. Another war came in 1856 and lasted for four years. This time the Chinese fought both the English and the French. Again, the aliens won. They got commercial privileges for themselves and for Americans, also.

The Manchu dynasty was losing its grip. As the century neared its end and foreign "spheres of influence" widened, it seemed as if England, France, Russia, and Germany might split China up among themselves. The United States grew alarmed. In 1899, John Hay, then our Secretary of State, sent notes to the Powers. He got them to say they would not interfere with established business rights in China. That made the open door a formal international policy.

Japan went far toward closing the door when she seized Manchuria and turned it into the "protected" state of Manchukuo. With her current invasion of China she has gone much further.

Can she slam the door and hold it shut?

CONVERSATION IN THE ZOO

For many months, a huge van made trip after trip from one London zoo to another—with an odd purpose. In it were complicated and expensive machines, the property of the scientist, Ludwig Koch. Mr. Koch was occupied in catching the varying moods of wild animals, as expressed in their cries, in such a way that these sounds might be recorded on the revolving disks of his machines. And catch them he did—the bark of a seal, for instance, which, believe it or not, is said to fall into rhythm not unlike a certain bit from Ravel's well-known *Valse*. He caught,



too, the complaint of the panda, the robust grunts of wild hogs, and the rather large vocabulary of the lion, with its six separate sounds of varying meanings. Some of his records, reproduced, are sold with a book—*Animal Language*—by Professor Julian S. Huxley.

Seemingly, tiger talk is more varied than lion talk. American students of animal sounds have counted eleven shades of speech coming from the throat of a tiger. Angry, he roars. Pleased, he purrs like the big cat he is. Between those extremes he makes nine varying noises.

THEY TALK WITHOUT TONGUES

For centuries, scientists have been trying to devise a machine that would create speech. At last they've come forward with one that can—if the right keys and pedals are pressed—utter vowels, consonants, words, sentences. It's called the Voder (short for "voice operation demonstrator") and was invented in the Bell Telephone Laboratories. Twelve hard-working Voders will talk, sing, scream, giggle, and whisper to the end that visitors to the New York and San Francisco World's



Fairs may be startled, amused and entertained. These machines will be "played," somewhat like musical instruments, by skilled human operators busy at the keyboards and foot pedals of the Voders.

The new mechanical talkers use neither phonograph records nor film tracks. They don't reproduce sounds; they make sounds electrically. Voice reproduction is good, save for a slight "electrical accent."

Interest in the Voders isn't confined to this country. Many Europeans are looking forward to hearing them. Unless these Europeans have changed their oft-expressed opinion, they may declare, if undiplomatic, that the more closely the Voders reproduce the typical American voice, the less pleasant is the result. Many American vocal experts would undoubtedly agree. But we loyal ones ask, "What's wrong with the Great American Voice? It's ours and we like it." Authorities, however, say it's often too harsh or too nasal. "Listen to your own voice and try to correct it," one of them, Lisa Sergio, advises. To accomplish this we can "cup" our ears: put our hands behind them, push them forward, and read aloud. Or we may speak into machines that make records, then play our voices back.

Experts blame our chief vocal defects on nerve tension and bad breathing. Taut throat muscles should be loosened. We may accomplish this by determined relaxation, helped (if nobody's looking!) by yawning or rolling our heads round and round. Habits of shallow, jerky breathing can often be ended by deep-breathing exercises.

It's good training to read drama and poetry aloud, daily. Remember that live voices help to make live people. Don't be just a Voder.

CAROL'S ROBIN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

long enough to know the preserve. She doesn't know it even as well as we do, let alone Mell."

But Sheila shook her head.

"I'm sorry—he can't. Miss Gerald herself asked him, but he said he had to study for his math test Monday. He does, of course. But he thinks his being so lame would hold us back. That's the big reason."

"Well," said Nina, "if he won't, that's that. He'll check our bird identifications, anyway, and countersign our list. Don't forget your notebooks, girls, and your opera glasses. Breakfast at my house Saturday, remember; and Mrs. Hood has asked us to supper there when we get back. Better bring your compass, Sheila. And Sue, don't forget, it's your turn to buy the hot dogs."

JUST as a frosty sun came up redly over Mell's Sherwood Forest the following Saturday morning, the new leader of Rosemary Troop emerged with her Bluebird Patrol from Nina Nixon's front door into the fresh, cold morning. Everybody was warmly dressed, and pockets bulged with notebooks and parcels of lunch. Opera glasses swung from straps over straight young shoulders. Mary Gerald, not long out of college, little and pretty and slim, didn't look much older than the girls of the patrol.

"Not near big enough, or old enough, to be our Big Boss," Sue declared affectionately, as they swung blithely along. Everybody was in high spirits, especially Carol.

"Here's hoping Daddy's firm will never send him back to Chicago!" she cried. "I'm crazy about Norville, and I'm going to learn all the birds there are! *Lookee!*" she cried suddenly. "Isn't that a crow, up on top of your brick chimney, Nina?"

Carol's crow went into the notebooks as a starling, and the little red-naped, black-and-white fellow she discovered scrambling up the trunk of a tree, was, the girls informed her, a downy woodpecker. No, not the same as the pileated woodpecker they had talked about.

"We only wish it were," commented Nina, "for the sake of our list!"

Oddly enough, it was Carol who saw more birds than anybody else. She hadn't an idea of their identity, but her blue eyes, so dancingly eager, seemed always alert for the merest flash of a feather.

"You're going to make a real ornithologist, Carol," Miss Gerald praised, as the girls were recording in their notebooks the tiny golden-crowned kinglets whose faint *see-see-see* Carol had been first to hear, from above their heads in the feathery hemlock branches.

"If we discover anything really worth while to-day, it'll be Carol's doing, see if it isn't!" prophesied Sue generously.

Sheila, who knew it was never easy for her chum to admit that anybody else could do anything better than she herself could, spoke up quickly as they trudged along. "Remember that day last May when Sue saw eight kinds of warblers and a rose-breasted grosbeak and three scarlet tanagers, all in one forenoon?"

"Wouldn't it be something if we'd come across some really rare bird to-day?" asked Nina. "Say a robin. Or a bluebird."

Carol looked puz- (Continued on page 46)



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BOBO and the ARTISTIC URGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

down and dragged out a section of wallboard and leaned it against the fence. It was a lovely thing—about six feet long by four wide—made of some heavy composition, and with a beautiful cream-colored surface; a surface worthy to receive a noble artistic conception, and surely far too good for a kitchen ceiling.

"Where d'you want this, boss?" the carpenter inquired of Mr. Bristle.

"Oh, I'll take it right along," Bobo cried hastily. "That is—if you really meant it for me. Did you, Mr. Bristle?"

The workmen stared and Mr. Bristle shook, while Bobo reverently touched the immaculate expanse of the piece of wallboard.

"Course you can have it," chuckled Mr. Bristle, "for your—for your mural. My soul and body, you can't carry it off with you, though! Why, the March wind'll take you right along like a kite!"

"It's not at all heavy," Bobo said, "and I need it right away. I couldn't possibly wait. You know I'm just around the corner. Oh, dear Mr. Bristle, I'll never forget your kind generosity." Mr. Bristle choked again in a helpless sort of way, and Bobo called back from over the top of the board, "And I hope your lovely new kitchen ceiling won't ever leak!"

A gust of wind struck her and her light but unwieldy burden, and carried them both from Mr. Bristle's gaze and around the corner.

IT WAS astonishing to see the different ways and the varying places in which Red Rose Troop sought inspiration. Some rambled off alone and tried to sketch a favorite landscape, to which the addition of a tent would later give a Scoutly touch. Some posed for one another, in various attitudes denoting Girl Scout activities. Some depended on bold and colorful lettering for effect; others went in for purely decorative compositions—trefoils and patterns of badges. What the other troops in town were doing, no one knew. Red Rose had plenty to keep it busy at home. Miss Roberts, captain, alternately blessed and berated Miss Jenkyns, artist, as she rubbed paint spots off uniforms, swept up broken charcoal, posed for "the ideal leader," and admired, admonished, and encouraged her troop, which had sprouted artistic leanings in the most unexpected places.

It was now not long before the date of the exhibition, and Red Rose was holding a sort of private view of its own, with posters of every size and kind leaning against the patient walls of the gymnasium. Groups of girls moved about from one to another, with exclamations of approval.

"Oh, I like yours, Joan!"

"Look at this—isn't it *cute*? The little squirrel eating nuts! I suppose a Girl Scout left them for him, needless to say!"

"Tricky, Red! However did you do all those curlycues?"

"My dear! Look at Vera's! She's got the whole county in! I never knew you were a regular panorama painter, Vee!"

At this moment a loud thud, accompanied by puffing sounds, announced the arrival of Bobo Witherspoon. She carried a huge sheet of cardboard taller than herself, and Red Rose Troop, laughing, clustered about to view her masterpiece. But the front of it was as blank as the back, except that it bore smudgy evidences of having been worked upon and desperately erased—not once but often. Amid murmurs of

surprise and merriment, Bobo leaned her burden against the doorway and hung up her cap and windbreaker. Then, laying the cardboard flat upon the floor, she stretched herself full length upon it with an air of finality.

"Art is too much for her," said Betty sadly. "She's taking a hard-earned rest."

"Well," demanded Jane Burke, "what are we supposed to do next—carry you off on that shutter and let the little robin redbreasts cover you with leaves? You've given up, I take it."

"No!" cried Bobo, with flashing eyes. "No, I haven't! Take this piece of charcoal and *draw around me!* I've tried and tried and tried, and I can NOT get the proportions of the human frame c'rect."

While Red Rose Troop contained its mirth with difficulty, Jane stooped and solemnly drew an outline on the board around the prostrate figure of Bobo Witherspoon. The result, when Bobo scrambled up, suggested the shape of a gingerbread man, but the artist heaved a sigh of relief and seemed entirely satisfied. On hands and knees, she at once began filling in details of uniform and equipment, scribbling frantically with green crayon.

"Well, if there was an award for size, you'd surely go off with it, Bobo," said Miss Roberts, who was rather at loss for a comment.

"In size and in shape

"It resembles an ape,"

murmured Jane, shaking her head.

"Just you wait till I get done with it," Bobo said firmly and hopefully.

Red Rose Troop had plenty to do while it waited, and was not very seriously concerned as to the progress of Bobo's so-called poster. She retreated with it behind the curtains of the small stage at one end of the gym where she could work on it privately, and could also park it between wheels. But all was not yet going well with Bobo's artistic urge. She went about with an anxious look in her eyes, a worn eraser chronically clutched in one hand. She was well enough pleased with parts of her figure; she had worked hard on the small details of uniform—badges, tenderfoot pin, and the same assorted equipment attached to the belt that Bobo herself usually toted—compass, rope, mess kit, and the all-important and ever-present sheath knife. She liked, too, the square red letters which proclaimed to the beholder, I LOVE BEING A GIRL SCOUT! But the face—the face of this enthusiast! In vain Bobo struggled with the elusive human features, which refused to arrange themselves into the pattern she so fondly and continuously imagined.

"Ought to be easy enough," she said between clenched teeth, as she tried once more. "Just two eyes and a nose and a mouth!"

And now it was the day of the exhibition and contest. All morning, competing members of other troops had left their entries at the gym, which was looking more and more like an art gallery. A line of posters was thumbtacked all the way around the wall; larger ones leaned against the stage, or stood on chairs. Jane and Vera, inspecting their own works for last minute smudges, were suddenly hissed at by Bobo from between the curtains of the platform.

"How much more time have I got?" she asked urgently.

"Practically none, my child," Jane informed her. "The commissioner and Miss Jenkyns are due any minute."

Bobo slid her sheet of wallboard out between the curtains.

"Look at this," she begged them. "I can't get the face. I want it to be so pleased-with-Scouting-looking. But first it looked like a jack o' lantern, and then it looked like a monkey—"

"And now it looks like a cross between a Neanderthal Man and Public Enemy Number One," commented Jane unfeelingly.

"See what Girl Scouting did to this poor child, and beware!" mocked Vera.

"You mean—you're afraid it just won't do?" Bobo asked desperately.

"Well," said Vera, "I must say the expression isn't an awfully good ad for Scouting, if that's what you wanted."

"Don't feel too cast down," Jane advised. "Lots of them are fairly odd. I guess you were just a little too ambitious."

But Bobo was not listening. A strange look filtered into her face as she withdrew herself and her creation; from behind the curtains came desperate sounds of struggle.

"Maybe we were too hard on the poor kid," murmured Vera. "Do you suppose she's going to wreck her thing?"

"As it's Bobo, I couldn't be saying," Jane replied. "Oh, look! There comes the commissioner, and that must be Miss Jenkyns with her."

Miss Wilhelmina Jenkyns was a gentle-looking elderly lady, dressed in soft swathings of pastel shades, the colors of one of her own pictures. Her smile was genial and beaming, if slightly bewildered, but it was quite evident that she was prepared to be sympathetic.

There was some delay while the commissioner presented all the different captains to Miss Jenkyns, and then Miss Jenkyns made a little speech to the girls about the artistic urge and the purpose of the competition, and the girls gave her a cheer at the end which nearly knocked her over. At last she set out on a tour of the hall, the commissioner trailing after. She seemed to be somewhat shortsighted, for she kept putting up a pair of silver-rimmed, folding glasses and dropping them and fumbling for them on the end of their chain, for every poster. But her criticisms and approbations and rejections were all to the point. She was frightfully sorry about the rejections, but in each case she showed *why*—adding kindly:

"I think whoever did that one had a good time doing it. But, you see, the composition just doesn't carry well. Try again, and have some more fun." Or "This is nicely worked out, but somehow it doesn't seem to convey any idea of Girl Scouting, does it?" Or "This would make a better *illustration* than poster, wouldn't it?" After all, there were only three awards, and Miss Jenkyns let down the unfortunates just as nicely as she knew how.

At last the judging party came to a dim corner of the gymnasium, where the stage blocked the light from the high windows. Here there leaned a poster whose astoundingly large proportions brought a gasp from Miss Jenkyns. She fumbled and fished for her glasses.

"Here's an ambitious young artist!" was her preliminary comment while she struggled with the entangled silver chain. "Sometimes it's a very good thing to give free rein to one's fancies. Size—space—it all helps."

The poster, so far as it could be seen in the imperfect lighting, bore a rather crudely drawn figure of a girl—life size. I LOVE BEING A GIRL SCOUT! shouted the large red letters beside her. In contrast (Continued on page 38)

WHAT'S ON THE AIR?

This list has been selected by permission from the Educational Radio Check List published in "School Management Magazine." Readers are asked to re-check the programs in their local papers for last minute changes.

THE girl who wishes to be a discriminating radio listener, whether alone, with her family, or with a group of friends in club, class, or Girl Scout meeting, will find this list a guide to good radio programs sponsored by the Columbia Broadcasting System, the Mutual Broadcasting System, and the National Broadcasting System. The time indicated is Eastern Standard Time.

SUNDAYS, A. M.

10:30-11:00 **Music and American Youth**—These programs will be performed by girls and boys in high schools throughout the country.
NBC-Red

SUNDAYS, P. M.

1:00-1:30 **Singing Lady**—Dramatizations from fairy tales, mythology, folk tales, and grand opera are presented against a musical background: Mar. 5, "Il Trovatore"; by Verdi; Mar. 12, "Sleeping Beauty"; Mar. 19, "Jack and the Beanstalk"; Mar. 26, "Bastien et Bastienne."
NBC-Red

1:00-2:00 **Great Plays Series**—Mar. 5, "Patience"; Gilbert-Sullivan; Mar. 12, "Camille"; Dumas Fils; Mar. 19, "Cyano de Bergerac"; Rostand; Mar. 26, "The Blue Bird"; Maeterlinck. (For great plays pamphlet, see same entry, February issue.)
NBC-Blue

1:30-1:45 **Salute of Nations to New York World's Fair**—Kings, Queens, and leading statesmen of the world will be heard. Native music from each of the countries represented will be played.
CBS and NBC-Red

2:00-2:30 **Americans All, Immigrants All**—This series dramatizes the building of our nation, and highlights the contributions of all races and nationalities to the greatness of America. Mar. 5, Italians in America; Mar. 12, Near Eastern People; Mar. 19, Other Groups, as Hungarians, Mexicans, Finns, Latvians; Mar. 26, Contributions in Industry.
CBS

2:30-3:30 **Words Without Music**—Poetry especially arranged for dramatic radio production.
CBS

3:00-5:00 **Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York**—Fine symphonic music by one of the world's great orchestras. John Barbirolli conducting. Deems Taylor talks about the program during intermission.
CBS

4:30-5:00 **The World Is Yours**—Dramatizations of adventures in the world of science.
NBC-Red

5:30-5:45 **Radio Travelogues**—Dramatized stories of trips through different countries.
NBC-Blue

6:00-7:00 **New Friends of Music**—Chamber music series, with works of Bach, Haydn, and Beethoven played.
NBC-Blue

MONDAYS, P. M.

5:15-5:45 **Let's Pretend**—Classic fairy tales dramatized by Nila Mack, with a cast of young actors.
CBS

6:00-6:15 **Science in the News**—The latest inventions and developments of science explained in simple language.
NBC-Red

7:45-8:00 **Science on the March**—Dr. Ray Forest Morton, noted physicist, tells some of the stories behind the great scientific discoveries of modern times.
NBC-Blue

9:00-9:30 **Yale Drama Series**—The playwriting class and drama department present original productions.
MBS

9:30-10:00 **WOR Symphony Orchestra**.
MBS

10:30-11:00 **Columbia Workshop**—Experiments in the production of dramas written specifically for radio, utilizing all of its special techniques.
CBS

TUESDAYS, P. M.

3:30-4:00 **The Story of the Song**—Presents gifted singers in folk songs, art songs, and operatic arias—sung in English.
CBS

5:15-5:45 **Music for Fun**—The Columbia Symphony Orchestra, with Howard Barlow conducting. Girls and boys appear on each program to talk about music played. William Spier acts as interlocutor.
CBS

8:00-8:30 **Gilbert and Sullivan Operettas**—Mar. 7, "The Mikado"; Mar. 14, "The Pirates of Penzance"; Mar. 21, "Iolanthe"; Mar. 28, "The Yeoman of the Guard."
NBC-Blue

WEDNESDAYS, P. M.

5:15-5:30 **March of Games**—Boys and girls who like asking and answering questions are given a chance on this program twice a week. Arthur Ross, fourteen-year-old
CBS

5:30-5:45
CBS

9:30-10:00
NBC-Blue

5:15-5:45

6:00-6:15
NBC-Red

8:30-9:00
MBS

9:30-10:30
NBC-Blue

10:00-10:30
MBS

FRIDAYS, P. M.

5:15-5:30 **March of Games**—See "Wednesdays."
CBS

5:30-5:45 **Men Behind the Stars**—Dramatizations revealing the scientific facts of astronomy and the personalities of men who devoted their lives to exploring space. (Interesting program for "Star Finders." Mar. 5, Bessel; Mar. 10, Arabian Astronomers; Mar. 17, Horro; Mar. 24, Hall; Mar. 21, Schiaparelli.
CBS

9:00-10:00 **Plays by Orson Welles and Guest Stars**.
CBS

SATURDAYS, A. M.

11:15-11:30 **This Wonderful World**—Girls and boys take part in a program conducted from the Hayden Planetarium.
MBS

SATURDAYS, P. M.

1:55-5:00 **Metropolitan Opera**—See Thursday Metropolitan Opera Guild program for review.
NBC-Red

1:30-2:00 **Moods for Moderns**—A series featuring the best in American music.
CBS

2:30-3:00 **New Against Death**—Dramatized stories of science's fight against disease and death. From Paul de Kruif's well-known book.
CBS

5:00-5:30 **What Price America?**—A dramatic series picturing the waste of the resources of a continent and the lessons learned for future conservation. Mar. 4, We Live at a Desert; Mar. 11, We Find New Wealth; Mar. 18, We Discover Treasure Island; Mar. 25, We Narrow Frontiers.
CBS

7:00-7:30 **Americans at Work**—Industrial life dramatized in interviews with workers in tunnels, laboratories, factories, steamships, etc. (Ties in with activities for "My Community" and "My Country" badges.) Mar. 4, School Teacher; Mar. 11, Barber; Mar. 18, Americans at work abroad, program by remote control from London; Mar. 25, Florist.
CBS

7:30-7:45 **Lives of Great Men**—Distinguished literary critics tell how great men and women earned fame and influenced their own and future times. Mar. 4, Ralph Waldo Emerson; Mar. 11, Robert E. Lee; Mar. 18, Abraham Lincoln; Mar. 25, Robert Browning.
NBC-Red

8:30-9:00 **Symphonic Strings**—Alfred Wallenstein, Conductor.
MBS

10:00-11:30 **NBC Symphony Orchestra**—Guest Conductors.
NBC-Blue

master of ceremonies, and Sybil Trent, eleven years old, take prominent parts.

So You Want to Be—Successful persons in all walks of life, hotel managers, sports writers, firemen, policemen, foresters, social workers, radio masters of ceremonies, etc., are interviewed by girls and boys who want to follow in their footsteps.

Wings for the Martins—An answer to the oft-repeated wish of so many American families "to see ourselves as others see us." Mar. 1, "Learning to Read"; Mar. 8, "The Child in a Grown-up House"; Mar. 15, "What is the School Board For?"; Mar. 22, "No Place to Play!"; Mar. 29, "School Houses That Work."

THURSDAYS, P. M.

Let's Pretend—See "Mondays."

Metropolitan Opera Guild—Preparatory talks about the opera which will be broadcast the following Saturday afternoon from Metropolitan Opera House.

Sinfonietta—Small symphony orchestra conducted by Alfred Wallenstein.

America's Town Meeting of the Air—Modeled on the town meetings of old New England, at which voters gathered to hear arguments on common problems and to question speakers about points on which they wished more information. (A good program for girls who take part in school and club discussions.)

Henry Weber's Concert Revue.



Girl Scouts should be especially interested in the new "Home Sweet Home" table oilcloth products. For the Girl Scouts' National Headquarters Little House in Washington is a copy of the original "Home Sweet Home" on Long Island, which John Howard Payne made famous in his song.

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BOBO and the ARTISTIC URGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

to the scratchy crayon rendering of the uniform and the stiffly drawn arms and legs, the face was vividly real—an engaging young face, on which the joys of being a Girl Scout were most admirably visible. Indeed, the almost uncanny reality of the countenance was so at variance with the rest of the poster that, for a moment, while Miss Jenkyns wrestled with her glasses, she was taken aback. But for a moment only. The true state of affairs was confirmed by the commissioner—slowly growing a strange shade of purple—and by Miss Roberts, who, hastening up, popeyed and speechless, pointed a quivering finger at the work of art in question.

"Bobo!" Miss Roberts managed to articulate. "Bobo Witherspoon—how could you!"

The all-too-realistic face above the crayoned figure was rapidly changing its expression. No longer did it embody the joy of Girl Scouting; the earnest grin was fading, the merry blue eyes were darkening with anxiety.

"A realist," said Miss Jenkyns. "A surrealist, perhaps—or should we say, a moving-picture?" But she was smiling, so Miss Roberts and the commissioner relaxed and smiled, too.

"I tried and tried and tried," Bobo explained at top speed. "The Artistic Urge kept telling me to make it bigger and bigger—but the bigger I made it, the harder it got. You'd think it would be easier, but it wasn't. And at the very last minute, they told me it looked worse than an ape, or something—so I chopped out a roundish hole with my sheath knife and stuck my own face through. I thought I could show I like being a Scout, the way I wanted to make the picture. I do like being a Scout—and it was the only way I could think of, to make it look anything like what I wanted. But—but, of course, I suppose it isn't really Art at all, and I oughtn't to have."

Miss Jenkyns folded up her glasses and let them dangle. "Well," she said, "I think you may have suffered more than some of the other artists. For it is *real* suffering to see plainly what one wants to do and not be able to do it. I know."

The face of Bobo looked awed. "D'you

mean," she inquired, "that real artists sometimes don't get their pictures to look right?"

"They hardly ever do," said Miss Jenkyns. "And if they *are* completely satisfied, it shows they're not real artists at all."

"Well," sighed Bobo, "I guess I'd better get my head out of this hole and take the board away somewhere."

"Wait a minute, wait a minute!" cried Miss Jenkyns. "Now, if that face really *had* been painted, I should have had to give it the prize for technical excellence. If it really *had* been painted, it would have won the award for Girl Scout spirit—I never saw anyone who looked more pleased with being a Girl Scout!"

"But it wasn't painted," sighed Bobo regretfully. "It was just me."

"Ah," said Miss Jenkyns, "but, you know, there's a third prize. Let me see, we've been all the way around the hall, haven't we? I think I know which posters will have the other two awards. But I really and truly feel that it is perfectly fair—indeed, it's quite obvious—that the prize for Ingenuity should go to this contestant."

The mouth of the head in the hole opened in astonishment, and then the grin returned in full force.

"I'm not quite sure what injun—what that is," Bobo murmured. "This was just Despair."

"Necessity is the mother of invention," smiled Miss Jenkyns.

As Bobo's prize was the only one carried off by Red Rose Troop, they were compelled to make the most of it—and they also handsomely admitted that the other two winners were better artists than any of their own contestants.

"Not that we'll let 'em stay so," said Jane Burke. "We'll follow the urge as it leads us on from victory to victory!"

Bobo, a large chunk of fudge cake in hand, was calling up Mr. Bristle from the telephone in the corridor.

"It just occurred to me," she said to him, "the party's still on, and maybe you'd like to come over and see all the Art. I wanted to thank you ever and ever so much again for that piece of your ceiling. I won a prize for injun

—for engine—oh well, I won a prize with it."

"Hey?" cried Mr. Bristle at the other end of the wire. "Something about Injuns in engines on my ceiling? I don't think I catch a thing you're saying. I'll be right over and see for m'self."

"Say!" cried Jane Burke, stopping Bobo as she returned to the gym. "You can't go roaming off like that! As long as the exhibition is here, you've got to stick your head through that hole and look as if you liked it. It's something like being put in the stocks, but you won a prize for ingenuity, my dear child, and ingenious you've got to be until these people go out of here. Get along back there, and *stay* there."

"What if my nose tickles?" inquired Bobo.

"That's your problem," said Jane, "to be solved by ingenuity."

Mr. Bristle, arriving shortly after, beheld the face of Bobo Witherspoon, wearing a steadfast grin, transfixed in the middle of a section of his discarded wallboard, on which was carefully, if crudely, depicted a green shape intended to be the figure of a Girl Scout.

"What's it about?" whispered Mr. Bristle. "Are we s'posed to throw baseballs at her, for a prize?"

"Oh, no," Jane Burke told him. "She *won* the prize."

"You don't say!" cried Mr. Bristle, puzzled but pleased. "She looks to me like a Chessy-cat—just a head, grinning."

"Oh, Mr. Bristle!" exclaimed the head in question. "Oh, *now* aren't you glad you had your kitchen ceiling fixed with wallboard? You said lath and plaster was better—but I never, never could have won a prize without your big piece of wallboard. You *do* think it's better, don't you?"

"Course it's better!" shouted Mr. Bristle gamely. "Lath and plaster? By George, no! Wallboard every time—decorated all over with Bobos!"

Jane groaned as she saw that the hole in the prize poster was again a yawning void—for Bobo had popped out to wring in gratitude the plump hand of the surprised but gallant Mr. Bristle.

The YOUNG POET talks on POETRY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

by leaps and bounds because she spent her days committing ballads I had written, to memory. That is one of the greatest tributes I have ever had paid to me as a poet. And it wasn't merely that she was doing it because the poems were her father's. She liked them. They made her feel good to read. And she wanted to make them her own. So she did. She can still say many of them, and often does. They are hers just as much as mine. They always will be. That is a proof of the power of poetry. It makes people wish to possess it.

Now because this particular daughter happens to be the coming poet of the family, and because she wrote a number of poems even before she was very far along in school, I am going to let her do most of the rest of my talking about poetry in this essay. I think she will be able to talk better about it to young people than I can. For she has a young mind, and she knows best what young minds like. So I have got her to sit down this afternoon and tell me what to put in this article. And when I tell you that this afternoon is a Maine

winter one, full of sun and fire blazing on long icicles, and that my daughter has her skates hung ready on her back, it will give you a fair idea of how powerful poetry is!

First, I asked my daughter why she likes poetry. Her first answer is one of the best definitions of poetry I have ever found. She likes poetry because "it is short, and you can get at things quicker in it." That has always been so. Even in long poems. Homer tells a whole history that would take ten times as many prose books to say. Next, my daughter says she likes poetry better than prose because it can say things better than prose can. When I asked her to explain, she said, "Oh, well, all in a lump, poetry says things in a more beautiful way." She is right. Poetry does. In a poem, you don't have to explain things, she went on, or tell how everything happens to be there. Right again. You don't have to explain how a rooster happened to be right there under a bedroom window. He *is* right there, sure enough, that rooster, when you need him in a poem:

"Then up and crew the red, red cock,
"And up and crew the gray."

Two roosters, in fact! Everything is right where you can lay hands on it, when you are writing a poem. The reader expects that, and the poet knows it. My daughter then went on explaining how things stand out more in poems, they stand out so you can actually see them. There are more figures of speech than in prose writing, for instance. Poetry is really figures of speech—that is, "saying one thing is something else." My daughter cited Noyes's figure of the moon's being a "ghostly galleon" and the road a "ribbon of silver." She said she had often noticed how much the new moon or the half moon looked like a boat's keel plowing through clouds, but she had never known how to say it so well, or remember it each time she saw it, until she read *The Highwayman*. She had often thought, too, how a road did look like a ribbon, from a high hill, and so the poet's figure of speech made her know (Continued on page 42)



WHAT'S ON THE SCREEN?

This list has been selected by permission from the movie reviews published in "The Parents' Magazine," New York City



—FOR AGES TWELVE TO EIGHTEEN—

Excellent

THE GREAT MAN VOTES. Two children (Virginia Weidler, Peter Holden), convinced that their father (John Barrymore) could be a great man, conspire to make him one. A thoroughly delightful and heart-warming film. Good lines. Excellent acting. Clever direction. (RKO)

LINCOLN IN THE WHITE HOUSE. Outstanding historical short in technicolor, showing Lincoln, war-weary and heartsick, fighting pettiness in his cabinet, making his Gettysburg speech. (Warner)

WINGS OF THE NAVY. Superb flying, exceptional photography, good cast, and the theme of distinguished service to one's country provide the background for an exciting story. Fine views of Pensacola and San Diego naval air stations. (Warner)

Good

ARIZONA LEGION. Exciting Western in which hero (George O'Brien) joins a band of outlaws on a secret mission for the Governor. (RKO)

BILLY THE KID RETURNS. Man (Roy Rogers) impersonates an outlaw in an exciting Western with much singing. (Rep.)

FEDERAL MAN HUNT. Fast-moving story of a man's escape from prison and the cross-country chase which results. Several new twists of plot add interest. Good melodrama. (Rep.)

THE GIRL DOWNSTAIRS. Amusing farce, laid in Switzerland, where a maid (Franciska Gaal) falls in love with a man (Franchot Tone) posing as a chauffeur to be near the daughter of a man (Walter Connolly) who has forbidden him the house. Good comedy. (MGM)

GOING PLACES. Salesman (Dick Powell) for a sporting goods firm poses as a famous jockey at a race track, only to find himself forced to ride a horse in spite of all he can do. Many entertaining moments; Louis Armstrong's swing band. Good musical comedy. (Warner)

GUNGA DIN. Spectacle on a tremendous scale provides the background of an exciting story of India. Three comrades in the English army (Victor McLaglen, Cary Grant, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.) have many hair-raising experiences together, but the most suspenseful is their encounter with a murder-mad cult of natives. Sam Jaffe is excellent as the humble water carrier who wants to be a soldier. Very good. (RKO)

HEART OF THE NORTH. Action-filled melodrama about the search of a Canadian Mountie for the murderer of a pal. Set in magnificent country, photographed in technicolor. (Warner)

IDIOT'S DELIGHT. Strange assortment of people stranded in a European mountain hotel during a crisis provides an illuminating commentary on war. Clark Gable and Norma Shearer in the leading rôles. Very good, but mature. (MGM)

JESSE JAMES. Vigorous, fast-moving melodrama about the West's most famous outlaw (Tyrone Power) and his brother, Henry James (Henry Fonda), products of a lawless era on the frontier. Outstanding acting by Nancy Kelly as

the outlaw's faithful wife who brings about his reform too late. Randolph Scott and Henry Hull deserve special mention for their portrayals of the sheriff and country editor respectively. Final eulogy ethically confusing. Beautiful outdoor scenes. Very good. (Fox)

SANTA FE STAMPEDE. Crooked city regime falls upon hard times when the Three Mesquiteros come to town. Good Western. (Rep.)

SONG OF THE BUCKAROO. One time bad man (Tex Ritter), running for mayor, is temporarily embarrassed by the appearance of his old gang, but does away with them in an appropriate manner. Good Western. (Mono.)

STAND UP AND FIGHT. Rivalry between stagecoaches and the B & O Railroad and the slave-running traffic provide the theme for a hard-fisted, rough-and-tumble account of the career of a young Southern gentleman (Robert Taylor), down on his luck, who fights his way to the top again. Good melodrama. (MGM)

THERE'S THAT WOMAN AGAIN. Private detective (Melvyn Douglas) has as hard a time keeping his irresponsible wife (Virginia Bruce) out of trouble as he has solving a particularly mystifying jewel robbery. Good light comedy. (Col.)

THEY MADE ME A CRIMINAL. Hard-boiled prizefighter (John Garfield), fleeing the scene of a murder in which he was unwittingly involved, goes to a ranch where he gradually becomes more human. (Warner)

TOPPER TAKES A TRIP. A continuation of the hilarious adventures of Mr. Topper (Roland Young) who is helped out of one difficulty into another by the vanishing Marion Kirby (Constance Bennett) and her vanishing dog. Mrs. Topper (Billie Burke) provides much delightful hilarity. Very good comedy. (Un. Art.)

WILD HORSE CANYON. Mysterious disappearance of horses from a fine herd is solved by ranch hand (Jack Randall) in search of a murderer. Good Western. (Mono.)

ZAZA. Excellent acting by Claudette Colbert injects a semblance of reality into a dated story laid in Paris at the turn of the century. Also notable are Bert Lahr and little Ann Todd. (Para.)

—FOR AGES EIGHT TO TWELVE—

Excellent

LINCOLN IN THE WHITE HOUSE

Good

ARIZONA LEGION
BILLY THE KID RETURNS
GOING PLACES
THE GREAT MAN VOTES
HEART OF THE NORTH
JESSE JAMES
SANTA FE STAMPEDE
SONG OF THE BUCKAROO
WILD HORSE CANYON

For descriptions of the Eight-to-Twelve films, look under Twelve-to-Eighteen heading

GOOD NEWS for POETS submitting their work to THE AMERICAN GIRL Poetry Contest!

The winner of the first prize for the best poem will also be honored on National Poetry Day at the New York World's Fair, on May twenty-sixth, with the presentation of a National Poetry Center World's Fair medal. The American Girl Contest closes at midnight on March thirty-first. If you did not see the rules in the January issue, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Poetry Contest Editor, The American Girl, 14 West 49th St., New York City, and a copy will be sent to you.



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The Girl Who Ruled a Kingdom (Appleton-Century) by Charlotte Kellogg reads very much like the life of a fairy princess until the day when Jadwiga, the heroine, was crowned—not queen, but king of Poland. Jadwiga, who lived five hundred years ago, was a beautiful girl with blue eyes and chestnut hair. Her people described her as lovely as a rose and straight and strong as a young fir tree. She had been betrothed to William, son of Austria's ruler, when they were both children. They were happy playmates and later loved each other dearly. When you read of Jadwiga's girlhood, it will be difficult for you to remember that she lived so long ago, for her father and mother were surprisingly modern in giving her a fine education and freedom to enjoy the out-of-doors. The court of the just, brave King Louis, Jadwiga's father, was a favorite place for nobles of many lands to send their sons for training. Jadwiga was truly her father's daughter, for after she had taken the vow "to respect all the rights, liberties, and privileges of the people" in Poland, she held fast to her duty, though it meant giving up William of Austria whom she loved best in the world. Even to-day the Polish people recognize the debt that they owe to Jadwiga who succeeded in uniting Lithuania, the last pagan country in Europe, with Poland under a Christian ruler. If you have never read *The Trumpeter of Krakow* (Macmillan) by Eric Kelly, do so now, for you will have the thrilling experience of reading of another who did not break his promise to Poland.

Royal Girlhoods (Macrae-Smith) by Helen E. Waite includes a brief sketch of Jadwiga's life. It is called "Jadwiga Chooses the Hard, High Road." The remarkable thing about her decision is the fact that she was only fourteen years of age, alone in a foreign country without mother, father, or William. The book contains other fascinating biographical sketches, including that of Mary of Burgundy, Elizabeth of England, Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, and the present Elizabeth of the British Empire.

Anne d'Arcy is the heroine of *The Red Keep*, a story of Burgundy in the year 1165 (Houghton Mifflin) by Allen French. She is in many ways like Mary of Burgundy who, after the death of her father, Charles the Bold, determined to keep Burgundy from yielding to the plots that King Louis XI laid to annex her lands. Anne, too, lost her father in a battle which cost her her entire family, and made it necessary for her to live with Sir Roger at Fessart Castle. She had only a few faithful retainers—with whose help she hoped some day to regain her castle, partly destroyed by the villainous lords of Sauval. Anne was not interested in working on tapes-

By NORA BEUST

Chairman of the American Library Association Board
for Work with Children and Young People

tries, and following other so-called ladylike pursuits. She loved to ride and to hunt and to plan for the days when she would be mistress of Red Keep. Conan of Prigny, a young lad who had been sent to Sir Roger of Fessart Castle to prepare for knighthood, was her constant companion, and it was he who found a way to help Anne who was always ready to help herself. Anne used her head and learned many things that are still true to-day. Perhaps you will like the book best for what it tells about how people act when they are afraid or discouraged, happy or anxious to make a name for themselves; or for its rich background which describes the lives of the robber barons, the work of the craftsmen, and the condition of the peasants; or for its description of the patient, thoughtful work of boys like Eustace and girls like Anne, which made possible scientific discoveries in the field of medicine.

The Boy Who Lived on London Bridge (Macrae-Smith) by Rupert S. Holland also tells of a girl, the comely daughter of the clerk of the Lord Chamberlain, Nell Bennett, in the days when the Spanish Armada threatened the prosperous city of London. The book includes many famous personages such as Queen Elizabeth, Kit Marlowe, the dramatist, Sir Francis Drake, and Lord Carrick. You are taken into the shop of a goldsmith; to the Queen's plaisance at Greenwich on All Hallows' Eve when all England sports in the fields; to the house of the alchemist; to the gardens at Hampton; to the scene of the Spanish ships harassed by the English fleet; and finally to the festival on the bridge during the celebration when "the Armada is defeated and England is saved." Unlike Jadwiga and Anne, Nell does not develop into a prominent character as you read this story of life in London in the days of Queen Elizabeth. Nell is simply a lass who lived on London Bridge. In this book, London, in the exciting days of Spanish spies and intrigue, is the important feature. The lesser characters are so-called foils that bring the setting into prominence.

The Scarlet Oak (Macmillan) by Cornelia Meigs is an excellent story about Hilda, Hugh, and Jeremy, who lived in the United States soon after the time that Napoleon was

exiled. Now it happened that Hugh and Jeremy had seen Napoleon twice, once when he rode on his white horse at the head of his soldiers marching up the great avenue of the Champs Elysées, and again when Napoleon was on board the British warship that took him to St. Helena. After the boys came to live with their grandfather in New Jersey, they found that Joseph Napoleon, once King of Spain, and the brother of the great Napoleon, was their next-door neighbor. Hugh later finds work as a gardener's boy on Mr. Bonaparte's estate, and Jeremy goes abroad to look after his grandfather's shipping interests at the advice of the famous Stephen Girard of Philadelphia. Hilda and Hugh experience some of their most exciting adventures when a foreign spy appears at Point Breeze. The author gives the reader an opportunity to see the difference between democratic ways of Americans and the manners of former royal households.

Kings and Things (Nelson) by H. E. Marshall, is the story of English kings and queens. You probably have never thought of English history as amusing, but the author of this book presents serious facts in a humorous manner. All of the important events presented are true, though the conversations between queens and kings and commoners are highly imaginative. For example, you will read this about Napoleon: "He got beaten so badly that he saw there was no hope of ever getting back to the throne of France. So he went to the British and told them, 'You've always been a very noble enemy. I hope you'll be kind to me.' But it wasn't easy to be kind to a dangerous man like Napoleon. All the kings and peoples of Europe were afraid of him. 'He can't be allowed to live anywhere near,' they said. 'If he is, he'll just come back one of these days and start rampaging about Europe and upset us all again.'" An interesting description is given of Queen Victoria when she was young. You will read: "Victoria and her dear Mamma were rather poor for such high-up people, and Victoria didn't have many grand parties or much fun. She just went on quietly learning the things a Queen must know, if she is to be a good queen, and keeping her clothes tidy, and working in her own little garden, and things like that, until she was a nearly-grown-up young lady of eighteen." The last chapter in the book tells you about Edward VIII and is called "A Very Sad Good-by." Oh, I almost forgot to say that there are no dates in the history.

After you read this book, you might like to know that *Our Island Story*, by the same author, is another good tale about the English, though it is not written in the same amusing style.

Not a NICE STORY

of this family lay only three or four eggs, so when they began to decrease, their decline is very rapid. The Eskimo curlew, for example, is becoming extremely rare, though not so long ago it was common in Long Island on the Hempstead plains.

Aside from the tragic spectacle of seeing forms of bird life disappear forever from the face of the earth, there are selfish reasons why man should perpetuate them. Hunted in moderation, they can continue for all time to be a source of food supply and to provide welcome variation from everyday fare. Perhaps most important are the smaller birds, whose principal diet consists of insects—and insects are sometimes called the greatest enemies of man. Any decrease in the number of birds means that just so many million more beetles and grubs and the like will be left unmolested to destroy trees, shrubs, and garden plants.

"The key figure in any program of wild life restoration in the United States is the farmer," says Jay N. Darling, former chief of the United States Bureau of Biological Survey, and president of the National Wildlife Federation. "Excessive clearing and grazing have, at times, worked to the injury of the farmer through cutting down the supply of helpful wild life. The drainage shark has promoted schemes that have impoverished the soil, lowered the water-table, and wrecked the hopes of many a settler as well as destroying vast wealth in fur, fish, and wild fowl.

"Man's ceaseless war against insect pests would be lost, were it not for the help given by birds. Rodent pests are kept down by birds of prey. In certain areas the skunk, a heavy insect feeder and one of the few enemies of burrowing grubs, is highly important to agriculture. Other mammals—at times listed as 'vermin'—may be vastly more helpful than harmful to the farmers."

There are fewer instances of the actual disappearance of animals than there are of birds. Whether this is because they have developed a higher efficiency in self-preservation, or because the earth is a more secure place of existence than the air, only one or two species known to have existed in North America in modern times have vanished.

One of these is the sea mink of the Northeast, particularly Maine. Nothing is known of this animal except that his skeleton has been found here and there, indicating that he lived in America probably before the arrival of the white man, and perhaps for a short time after.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

His cousin, the sea otter of the North Pacific Coast, is becoming very rare. These animals were highly prized for their fur, and when a colony of Russians settled in northern California, a century ago, they hunted the sea otter relentlessly.

The pronghorn antelope is the only antelope existing on the North American continent, and it was in serious danger of disappearing until a few years ago. Originally it existed in large numbers from the Mississippi River to the Pacific. It is extremely graceful, and has greater speed than any other American quadruped. In early days it seemed absolutely fearless, perhaps relying upon its running ability to escape quickly when it scented danger. Its curiosity was often its downfall—at least until it learned that it could not run as fast as a hunter's bullet travels—and it would approach so close to the wagon trains that it was an easy mark.

Just as it was about to vanish, most Western States passed laws protecting it, and it is thriving again, although only in a few widely scattered herds.

The bison, commonly miscalled the buffalo, is an excellent example of how successfully animals can be protected and the species saved, by organized effort. The slaughter of bison, in the period when covered wagon trains were wending their way to California and Oregon, almost parallels the history of the passenger pigeon. Again the figures tell the story more dramatically than words. In 1850 it is estimated that there were sixty million bison on the Western plains. In 1889 only a few more than a thousand remained, and it began to occur to people to do something about it. Groups of bison were taken to public parks and other places where they would be safe from hunters. Six years ago a bison census showed that the thousand had increased to 21,701.

Still more interesting is the history of the beaver. His beautiful fur was in such demand that the beaver trade was an industry by itself. Profits from dealing in the pelts laid the foundations of the Astor fortune. It is only within the last fifty years that public interest was so aroused that it resulted in the animals being given thorough protection. Now the beaver is repaying his friends. Colonies have been shipped to places in the mountains where small streams became torrents with any heavy rainfall. All the beaver asks is a stream and some trees and he starts building.



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Girl Scouts between the ages of seventeen and twenty-one, with a particular aptitude for horticultural work, who have been in Girl Scouting three years and are still active in a troop, are eligible. Recommendations from the candidate's leader and local council must accompany the application. Entrance examinations are required unless a high school diploma, or its equivalent, is presented. Assurance must be given at the time the application is made that the candidate is able to meet the financial responsibilities which the award entails. These include the expense of transportation to and from the applicant's home and Ambler, Pennsylvania, and approximately \$500.00 annually (in addition to the Girl Scout Scholarship) to cover the cost of tuition, maintenance, and school extras.

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First comes a dam, to provide a quiet pool, and here he builds his mud hut, its dome rising from the water.

Sixty of these beaver colonies were established in Palisades Inter-State Park, along the Hudson River, and last September, when the great storm swept the Eastern States, the beaver dams had so completely tamed the mountain torrents that three main highways were saved from being washed out. Similar experiments in flood control are being carried on in many places, and the beaver is becoming more valuable as a civil engineer than he was as the source of fur coats.

The cougar, or mountain lion, has disappeared east of the Mississippi, except in a few Southern swamp regions, and it would very likely be difficult to find anyone shedding tears over the news. But even here a strange, ironic thing is discovered. Deer are the natural prey of the cougar. When the cougar was no longer killing off the deer, the latter began to increase so rapidly in certain areas that they were soon too numerous for their feeding grounds and were in danger of starvation. As a result, it became necessary to send hunters out to kill thousands of deer so that the others could survive.

The Virginia deer has a unique claim to fame. It is said to have been the first four-footed animal killed for food by the early settlers on the Atlantic coast. How it became known as the "Virginia" deer, no one seems to know, for it was once common from Canada to Texas. There was a prediction that it would be the last of the large, hoofed animals in North America to become extinct, not only because of its vast numbers, but because it is fond of the deepest and most impenetrable woods. And yet, the American Museum of Natural History in New York is authority for the statement that in the Northeastern States it had become practically exterminated, and is now coming back only because of game laws.

The elk, the biggest member of the deer family next to the moose, was once plentiful in all wooded parts of the United States from Pennsylvania to the Rocky Mountains and north into Canada, but it has suffered from settlement and civilization, less because of slaughter than loss of feeding grounds. Elk need about the same food as cattle, and in

many places grow so desperate that they will invade farms and feed on the haystacks in winter. The problem in saving this species is one of providing proper feeding facilities.

Only a few thousand remain of the once plentiful bighorn, or Rocky Mountain sheep, and these are now making their last stand in the most inaccessible parts of the Rockies where they can still find enough herbage for their needs. They are protected by game laws almost everywhere, and several States are making efforts to replenish the herds.

But if birds with their wings, and animals with their hiding places in the woods and mountains, are in danger from man's attacks, what chance have the wild flowers? Some of the most beautiful are in serious peril of disappearing from the woods and fields.

The exquisite fringed gentian, with its dark blue cup whose petals are edged with delicate threads, is extremely scarce. If you see one of these beautiful flowers, you should resist the impulse to pick it. Its seeds may ripen and more plants spring up next year, and you may have helped to save the species from dying out.

The trailing arbutus used to be common in all the Northern woods, but its dainty pink flowers and delicious perfume resulted in armloads being torn out by the roots—and unless this sort of thing stops, pretty soon there will be no more trailing arbutus.

All the orchids are in danger. Perhaps you thought orchids grew only in florists' windows, or hothouses. On the contrary, several are to be found in the moist woods of the Northern States. Two of these are sisters, the yellow and the pink moccasin flower, or lady's slipper. As only one flower grows on each little plant, the slender stem bearing also two broad, deep green leaves, the temptation is to pick the whole plant so that it will remain fresh longer. Your own particular plant may, but the species itself will soon die under that sort of harvesting.

The trillium, or wake-robin, with its triangular blossoms, red, white, and pink, is in the same peril, and so is the ground pine. Even the sturdy bittersweet cannot endure forever the raids of motor parties. There is very little ground pine to be found where once it was abundant, and how the dogwood

trees survive the vandals who literally tear them limb from limb is only one more proof of the vitality of plants.

One of the strangest of all trees is the Monterey cypress, one of the unique sights of the beautiful drive around Monterey peninsula in California. It is known nowhere else in the world, and attempts to grow it elsewhere in this country have not been very successful. There is a legend that its seeds were brought to America by Buddhist priests from Tibet even before the Spaniards settled on the Pacific Coast. However that may be, the strange twisted trunks and branches seem to defy the gales from the Pacific. They look indescribably old, as if they could not endure another strong wind, and yet they remain year after year, perhaps having learned some secret of tree immortality. They are not numerous and the youngest are very old, for trees, so no one can say whether or not they are on the verge of extinction.

What is to be done about it all, perhaps you are asking? If self preservation is the first law of nature, and nature's creatures are unable to protect themselves, what then? Much is being done. Bird sanctuaries are being established by the scores throughout the country. Here no hunting is allowed, and in time the birds discover that these sanctuaries offer safety from foes. Here they come to raise their families in peace. For the animals, the game laws are becoming more and more general, and the restrictions upon wanton killing more strict. Even some flowers have laws protecting them; in Connecticut the State flower, mountain laurel, must not be picked at any time or any place, except upon your own private property.

This is all good, but it is not enough. Our civilization must become more gentle toward all things that live—all things in which exists that mysterious spark we call life, and can call nothing else because we know nothing about it. A good way to keep this in mind is to recite to yourself, from day to day, that wonderful last stanza from Coleridge's poem, *The Ancient Mariner*:

"He liveth best who loveth best
"All things both great and small,
"For the dear God who loveth us
"He made and loveth all."

The YOUNG POET talks on POETRY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

that she had been right in thinking so. Good figures of speech comfort people. They tell them that they have been right in thinking of ships and moons in the same breath.

Well, my daughter added other reasons for liking poetry more than prose. "It is easier to read. It is all measured out for you, in the right lengths, in the right swing. It makes," said she, "a sound like singing." When I asked her why she liked to memorize poems, she said it was because she liked to have them when she wanted them, at any time, without depending on a book. "And they mean more in your mind than they do when you read them." She argued that you could have a whole book in a poem, a whole battle in a few lines as in *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, and that poetry was the best way to study history. Homer and the other old Greeks would agree with her there. They used to think that, too. My daughter went on; she liked to say poems to herself when she was walking along by herself because they kept her company. She liked to memorize poems, too, so she could say them to other people. Other people, she had found out, liked to have you

say poems to them, too. That, it seems to me, is a very splendid reason.

At last I brought my interview around to the poet in my daughter. Why had she begun to write poems so early? She was very sure it was because poetry was easy to write. Easier than other writing. There, I think, is another fine reason. That is why poetry came early in the childhood of the human race. Poems, said my poet daughter, did not come as so many sentences, end on end, or even as words in particular places, by particular laws. They came whole, as pictures, and as what you wanted to say without your thinking *how* you wanted to say it. There weren't rules and laws. Not such as you find in grammar, anyway. For instance, you might say that a whole day was bright blue without using any adjective blue at all, just by verbs or nouns, or a picture of blueness. And poems were things you wrote at home, in your play time, because you wanted to, not because you were in school and had to write so many words in a composition. "Poems are play, not work."

I believe my daughter hit on one of the mightiest reasons of all there, at the end of our

interview. Poetry is play. It is play that has saved nobody knows how many hundreds of thousands of people, play that has made life seem better than it ever really can be, even in the brightest times, even in the brightest of stories.

Though she forbid my doing any such thing, I am going to put in a small poem of my daughter's here—written when she was ten—at the end of my essay. She has outgrown this poem. But I haven't. I still like it. Maybe she will grow to like it once again when she is older. That sometimes happens when people grow up. Anyway, here's the poem. It is called *August*:

"A pretty girl skips there,
"Sunbonnet on her golden hair,
"She carries a pail with greatest care,
"A pail of something good to her
"And every now and then she picks
"A round, dark something that she licks,
"Then in her mouth she places it.
"There bursts forth a smile,
"She opens up her mouth quite wide,
"And there's a blueberry just inside!"

MAKE YOUR OWN CLOTHES

To every girl who is getting spring fever for a new wardrobe—by ELIZABETH ANTHONY

IF YOU are yearning for some smart new clothes and can't find room in your budget for all the things you want, there is a way to get them. A little thought, a little time, and you can dress yourself as you wish. How? By making the clothes, of course.

Let's begin with this clever bolero dress—it's really a skirt and jacket—which boasts a slim-waisted, wide-hemmed skirt, and a trim little jacket with full-at-the-top sleeves.

The skirt hangs high on suspenders, and goes equally well with blouse, shirt-waist, or sweater. It is a perfect pattern for a plaid, but the new sewer had better try a plain material, since a plaid used for a skirt with as many seams as this one, requires lots of matching—too much for a beginner. So choose a soft woolen, a challis, a silk print, a spun rayon, a linen, or a novelty cotton. The bolero tops this grand outfit. It is fashionable to make it in contrast to the skirt, but in the same type fabric; or make two boleros, each in a different material, one dressy and one sporty, one with short sleeves and another with long ones. You can wear a sweater with the sporty one, and a soft blouse with the other.

Before purchasing your pattern, take your waist, bust, and hip measurements. Then you will be certain to get the right size pattern, as the measurements are usually marked on the pattern envelope. There you will also find the yardage needed for your particular size. If you choose a woolen material that has not been pre-shrunk—the sales clerk can give you that information—buy a quarter of a yard extra, and have the wool shrunk first.

Have your paper pattern pressed flat (use a lukewarm iron) and you will be sure to cut the right outline. (The material should also be well pressed. Woolen material should never directly touch the iron; it should be steamed through a press cloth that has been dampened.) Count the pattern pieces; there should be eleven for this pattern. If you are making the skirt and bolero of different materials, group the pieces together and cut one garment at a time. Use a large flat surface for cutting, if possible. Pin down the pieces according to the layout chart on the instruction sheet in the pattern envelope, taking care to follow the layout for your size and the width of your material. Most wools come 54" wide, silks and rayons 39" wide, cottons and linens 36" wide.

Place the pins toward the center of the pattern, not parallel to the outline. Make sure you catch tissue, and both layers of material. Use pins freely, especially around the curves. Do not extend them beyond the pattern, or they will interfere with your scissors when you cut. Get the pieces on the straight of the goods as it is indicated on each pattern piece. Lay it all out and you are ready to cut.

Baste the garment together and fit it before sewing on the machine. This type of skirt needs good fitting. It is easy to assemble the pieces if you match the notches. Do the same for the bolero.

When your fit is perfected, stitch, and press each seam well as you finish it. Press wool with a damp press cloth over it, as already noted. For other materials, test a scrap with water to see if it spots. For rayon, use a luke-warm iron.

Pattern
1725



PRICE
fifteen cents

The hem comes last. Finish all other parts of the skirt and press it well. (Pressing cannot be emphasized too much; it is one of the most important things in achieving a well-made garment.) Put on the skirt and mark your hem, using the gadget called the skirt-marker. This is a small can filled with powdered chalk, and it can be attached to a yard stick, a chair leg, or a door, at the height from the floor which you wish your skirt to be. You squeeze the rubber bulb at the end of a long tube and out comes a whiff of powder, little puffs of which mark your skirt all around for the hem, as you slowly turn, squeezing the bulb as you do so. Since the can remains at the same height from the floor during the marking, the markings will be even all the way around.

Turn up the hem, having it the same width all the way round, and finish it with silk seam binding. Tack it with tiny stitches, take out basting, and press.

Do the shirring on the bolero sleeve with the gathering foot on the sewing machine. Either bind and face, or line the jacket. If you want a quilted jacket, quilt the material first with the quilting foot on your machine. Then cut it. Buy one-fourth yard extra material if making a quilted jacket, as the puckering of the quilting will take up that much. Quilt on the bias; it makes a nicer puff. Use cotton batting for the backing. You can get it in the department stores especially for quilting. A quilted jacket needs a lining.

If you plan to use a zipper, it would be nice to choose a bright color in celluloid, with a charm on the pull.

This dress is easy to make. A visit to your local sewing center will help you over any bumps, and you may even take sewing lessons there. Once you have begun, there will be any number of attractive clothes you may have at surprisingly little cost.

Pattern 1725 is a Hollywood pattern which may be ordered direct from THE AMERICAN GIRL, 14 W. 49th St., New York City. The price is fifteen cents. Be sure to state size when ordering.

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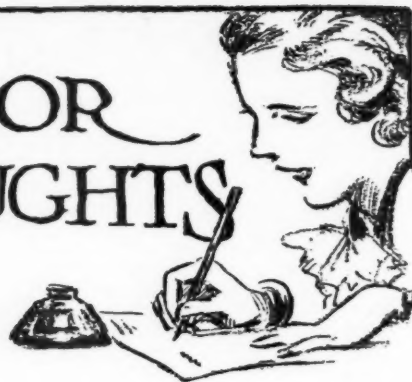
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Say you saw it in "THE AMERICAN GIRL"



A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS



SKI COUNTRY

CONWAY, NEW HAMPSHIRE: I've just finished reading the January issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. It is one of the very best! I enjoyed every article and have been extremely interested in *Happy Acres* and the Bushy and Lofty stories. However, my favorite story in the last issue was the one about Midge and Adele in the White Mountains. You see, I live in Conway which is not far from either Glen or Intervale. As many of you know, there is a branch of the Hannes Schneider Ski School in both North Conway and Jackson. I am very fond of skiing, but I am certainly no expert. I have lots of fun when the snow trains come in, for we go to the different slopes and watch the skiers. Many seem to know about as much about it as Midge did. I have an older brother who is a ski instructor under Benno Rybizka. I'd be delighted if we had more skiing stories.

I am seventeen and have been reading *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for about four years. I'm saving each copy for my young cousin.

Marion Morrell

USEFUL IN SCOUTING

RYE, NEW YORK: My friend and I received our first copies of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* two years ago, and we are still thoroughly enjoying it. Since we are both Girl Scouts we find it very useful in our Scout work.

We hope that you will publish another serial as interesting as *Happy Acres*.

Our favorite pastimes are horseback riding and skiing in the winter, so the article on skiing in last month's issue was very welcome.

Joan Morgan and Dorothy Erickson

A NEW GIRL SCOUT

COLUMBIA, MISSOURI: This letter is to tell you how much I think of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. I've been taking it for three years.

Like so many other girls, I like Bushy and Lofty best. I do not, as most girls do, read the magazine from cover to cover, but I begin at the back and read *Jean and Joan* first. They tell what's coming in such a clever way.

I liked the article on Deanna Durbin, in the January issue, very much. Articles on movie stars are very interesting. I'd be tickled pink if we could have one on Sonja Henie, for she is my favorite. I was lucky enough to see her when she was in St. Louis.

I was glad to have the third part of *Fur, Fins, and Feathers*. I have a darling dog so I was glad to learn more about the care of dogs.

The new feature, *What's On the Air?* is an improvement. I listened to one of the programs and enjoyed it very much.

I'm not a Girl Scout yet, but I soon will be. The reason I want to be a Girl Scout is because I've read in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* about the interesting things they do.

Lois Jean Spires

DISCUSSING THE ARTICLES

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA: *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is my favorite magazine. But there's nothing strange in that, because it is the favorite of everyone I know. I have taken *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for about a year and have interested my friends by my enthusiastic praise.

We meet once a month and discuss and read all of the articles. We are writing to tell you how grateful we are for such an interesting, helpful magazine.

We aren't Girl Scouts, because we have no way to get to the meetings, but we have formed a club, the Lone Scouts, based on the principles of Girl Scouting. So here's thanks to the editor and to all whose contributions make *THE AMERICAN GIRL* America's number-one magazine.

Beryl Marie Lucas

SUCH IS LIFE

GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN: I have taken *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for three years now, and I'm getting quite well acquainted with Midge, Bushy, Lofty, and all my other pets. The articles by Beatrice Pierce are simply scrumptious and *Jean and Joan* fill me with expectation for the next month's issue.

I live in Michigan and I love it here—but in the winter I long to go swimming, and in the summer, I long to go ice skating. Well, such is life!

I am fourteen years old, and my hobbies are swimming and horseback riding.

Midge Thomas

"WHAT'S ON THE AIR"

LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS: No matter how bad I am at writing letters, I think it's high time that I sent you a thank-you note for all the fun *THE AMERICAN GIRL* has brought me. I can't think of one dull thing in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. In fact, the magazine improves in each issue.

One feature which I find helpful is the new page *What's On the Air?* You see, I received a radio for a Christmas gift, and in the January number you very obligingly added a selected program of radio entertainment—as if I had requested it!

Please keep *THE AMERICAN GIRL* what it is now, the best magazine for girls in America!

Betty Scalise

MARION'S TROUBLES

ALGONA, IOWA: I simply had to write and tell you my troubles. I live in a small town in Iowa and I love it, but—we don't have a Girl Scout troop! I read *THE AMERICAN GIRL* every month and I certainly wish I were a Scout!

My favorite stories are about Midge. They seem so real, because I have a sister by the name of Midge and she is *always* in trouble.

I have only taken the magazine for a short time, but I don't know how I ever got along without it. Three cheers for *THE AMERICAN GIRL*!

Marion McGuire

DISCOVERY

NIAGARA, WISCONSIN: One afternoon during Girl Scout camp I felt ill. My Scout leader gave me some magazines to read. Among them was a copy of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. I enjoyed it so much that I knew at once a subscription for *THE AMERICAN GIRL* would top my Christmas list.

I have only received one copy, but if the rest are only half as interesting as the January issue, I will consider the day I discovered *THE AMERICAN GIRL* one of the most successful days of my life.

Carol Lundahl

A HAND

RAEFORD, NORTH CAROLINA: I started taking *THE AMERICAN GIRL* three years ago and now I would not be without it for anything.

We started a troop, of which I am a member, in town this winter. I am now a tenderfoot, but I hope to be a second class Girl Scout before long. Several of the Girl Scouts take *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, so we had reports on the life of Juliette Low at our last meeting. We all enjoyed it very much.

My favorite stories are those about Midge and Bushy. I like *A Penny for Your Thoughts*, too.

In my view, *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is the best magazine published. Let's all give *THE AMERICAN GIRL* a hand!

Josephine McLaughlin

OVER AND OVER

DALTON, MASSACHUSETTS: My sister has subscribed to *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for almost a year. Every chance I get I read the stories over and over again. I am always sure that I don't miss *Laugh and Grow Scout*. I am going to be a Girl Scout when I get older.

Marjorie Colt

CAN GIRLS BE LAWYERS?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

want to be a lawyer, you must learn to think on your feet and to talk easily and to the point.

Perhaps by this time I have scared you all off from the idea of practicing law. But I hope not, for it is a fascinating profession and the opportunities for creative work are very great. The controversial part of it, being dramatic, always seems more important and bulks larger than it really is. Remember that the material of law is the habits and customs of people and so it cannot help but be fascinating.

Now a word as to the educational background you need in order to study law. To sum up the obvious things to study, English prose composition and public speaking come very near the top of the list. In addition, it would do no harm to secure a thorough grounding in psychology. These are the tools of your trade, the ability to write and speak well and to get along well with people. Of course just studying psychology isn't enough to insure the latter, but it gives a background of theoretical knowledge that can be very useful to you later on.

These are only your tools, however. The stuff of law is modern living as seen in the framework of the past. So it is important to study history, economics, political economy, sociology, to keep abreast with current events, to have a working acquaintance with the major socio-economic problems of our time. The history of law is the history of civilization and anything that throws light on that history helps us to understand and to grasp the conceptions underlying law.

It isn't such a stiff program when you come to think of it. Many of the courses I have mentioned are required courses at school and college.

School and college give the general preparation. After that comes the professional

school. And there are plenty of them, good ones, scattered throughout the country. Practically all of them, with the single exception of Harvard, are open to girls as well as boys. Education for girls is taken for granted nowadays, and when a girl wants to study a profession the best professional schools are generally open to her.

A good thing to do about a law school is to pick the best one near home and plan to study there. You might prefer to go to one of the more famous ones, farther away from home, for the sake of the prestige of its degree—but remember you're going to practice law at home, among people you know, and you don't want to drift too far away from them during your law school days.

SO NOW you're a lawyer! It's taken you a long time, three years at professional school if you have graduated from college, longer at professional school if you didn't complete your college course. And even yet you don't know how to practice law. You have to go into a law office and begin at the bottom and try to learn.

It's a long, slow, hard pull, but you gradually learn to get the feel of the thing. And the first day you go to court to try a case, probably under the watchful eye of some senior associate, will be the most exciting day of your life.

Can girls be lawyers? Why not? as my father answered so many years ago. If they think they'd like that sort of thing, the intellectual stimulus, writing, speaking, debating, dealing with all sorts of human problems and human lives, then why not? It's a good introduction to lots of other things, too, besides practicing law; governmental work, for instance, in which women are likely to play a larger and larger part.

It's hard to get started on a legal career,

and that's true for boys as well as girls. But it's harder for girls, no doubt of that. The way to get around that difficulty, as I see it, is twofold:

(1) Practice law in your own home town where everybody knows you and likes you. Don't go to a big city like New York, where you will be swallowed up and nobody will know or care what becomes of you. New York is no place these days for a Dick Whittington to come to. Unless he has lots of friends, he's not likely to succeed, he's likelier far to starve.

(2) Begin practicing and gain your early experience in your father's or some friend's office. Pick out somebody benevolently inclined towards you who won't find it easy to refuse you, and persuade him that you are just the law clerk he needs. Then go ahead and prove that you are.

If you do those two things you get a chance to gain experience so that, by the time your friends come round as clients, you'll be able to give them sound advice. And so you slowly build up a practice. It's a slow, undramatic way of going about it, perhaps, but, to a girl who may otherwise have a very difficult time in getting started at all, it's almost the only advice I can give. Be sure and follow it.

Once in the law, reasonably experienced, used to hard work, the lawyer has an enviable future ahead. For the whole complicated web of modern life lies spread out at his, or her, feet.

The history of law, as I have said, is the history of civilization, the struggle of man to get away from brute force and from the notion that might makes right—and to work out and abide by certain rules of conduct which will permit everybody, the strong and the weak, to live side by side, and to live and let live in peace together. It's an inspiring occupation. I love it and I recommend it to you.

MAGIC OF THE NEEDLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

isn't it, Aunt Lolly? We could have fun making a story sampler, too. I'd like to make one for Mummy, she'd love it." Marjorie jumped up as if to begin her sampler at once, while Aunt Lolly looked at her with amusement.

"It's a wonderful idea, and I can embroider on the bottom 'M from M, 1939', or maybe it will be 1940 before I get it finished. I don't care how long it takes me, I want to do it beautifully like Mrs. Roosevelt did. Did you notice the initials she had on hers—'T from E 1934'. I suppose that meant Theodore from—what's her name, do you know?"

"It's Eleanor."

"Theodore from Eleanor—what a wonderful present! I know he was thrilled. Let's get started, Aunt Lolly, can't we? Mine will be Mummy from Marjorie, 'M from M'. And I'll put in—let me see—what do you think Mummy cares for most?"

Aunt Lolly smiled. "That's easy. Her three children of course."

Marjorie started walking up and down the hearth rug. "H'm—that won't be easy, will it? I never could draw people very well."

"You thought you couldn't model figures in clay very well, until you tried. Don't you remember?" Aunt Lolly went over to the low bookshelves beside the fireplace. "I have

some books on embroidery here. Perhaps we can find out how to make samplers." She selected several and brought them back to her chair.

"Here is *Development of Embroidery in America* by Candace Wheeler; it looks interesting, and, yes, here is a chapter on samplers."

Marjorie was still striding up and down, deep in thought.

"I could put Tom in the middle on skis, going down a hill, and Joan on one side with a loom, and me on the other side making pottery. You ought to be in it, too, Aunt Lolly. Mummy's sampler wouldn't be right without you in it some place. I know—I'll put you at the bottom, with your flower garden stretching clear across, like a border." She sat down in the wing chair and opened one of the books.

ANNIE came in for the tea tray. Her teeth gleamed in a wide smile as she saw the books. "Looks lak you-all studyin' to git busy. What it gwine to be, more magic?"

Aunt Lolly looked up. "Yes, Annie, more magic. Needle magic this time. With a tiny magic needle and some skeins of colored floss, we are about to embroider samples of our thoughts, our hopes, our interests, and our experiences."

"Do say, Mis' Graham, dat'll sho be some magic! What you want me to git ready?" Annie's eyes rolled admiringly as she stood in the doorway with the tea tray.

"A card table, Annie, right here before the fire, and some pencils and paper. We have to make our designs first. Please get that package of colored pencils from my desk, too."

"Yassum," said Annie, backing through the door. "You an' Mis' Marjorie sho can think up things—you sho can."

"Now, let's get to work, Marjorie. What book have you?"

"This is *Embroidery Book* by Mary Thomas. She says—wait, I'll read it. "'Sampler,' derived from the Latin 'exemplar,' is defined in the dictionary as 'a pattern of work—an example.' According to this definition, a needleworked sampler should be an 'example of stitches and patterns' recorded as 'samples' for future work, in much the same way as notes are collected in a notebook. The old samplers actually fulfilled this purpose, but the word is perhaps better known as applied to small cross-stitch pictures which depicted by no means a record of stitches or patterns, but merely an example of proficiency. Specimens of the genuine type are somewhat rare, but a few dating back to Elizabethan days, and possibly earlier, are to be found in mu-

seums and private collections. . . . About the beginning of the nineteenth century the "sampler," instead of remaining the valuable record of patterns and stitches, as of yore, gradually developed into pictorial design. The old method of arranging the motifs in isolated fashion over the material was retained, but these, instead of recording different patterns and stitches, were little figures, animals, trees in pots, flowers and formal shapes, etc., worked entirely in cross stitch or petit point. Later on, borders, landscapes, little houses, probably the worker's own home, were added, together with texts, proverbs, and precepts, presumably included with the intention of impressing their sentiments upon the child as she diligently and laboriously stitched."

While Marjorie was reading, Annie brought the card table, pencils, and paper and returned to the kitchen.

"That's interesting," said Aunt Lolly, moving her chair nearer the card table and looking over Marjorie's shoulder. "I notice she says that 'About 1880 the making of samplers faded from fashion, but happily, with the present-day revival of interest in embroidery, the practical use of the old sampler is being more and more appreciated.' Now look, dear, this book says that for a cross stitch design we should make our drawing on graph paper."

"What is graph paper?" asked Marjorie. "Why, it is paper ruled both up and down and across, making small squares all over the page. Wait, I have a pad here in my desk. Now, let's try it. It says to make a simple drawing on the graph paper, then to block out the squares inside the outline. I'll make a drawing of Tito, our red squirrel." She worked busily, while Marjorie watched. "See, I'll fill in the squares with the red pencil and this is my first design. Isn't that simple?"

"It looks simple," said Marjorie. "How do we get it on our sampler now?"



"We make a cross stitch for every square. Do you know how to cross-stitch? I learned when I was a little girl." Aunt Lolly was trying out other drawings on the graph paper as she talked.

"No, I don't. I have never done any embroidery. Can you show me?" By this time Marjorie was making sketches of the various things she wanted in her sampler.

"I have some lovely linen upstairs—some homespun that has just been waiting for this occasion. Will you run up and get it? It's in the top drawer of my sewing table. And you will find a basket on the window seat, full of colored floss."

Soon Marjorie was back with linen and floss, and then the fun began.

Fortunately the threads of Aunt Lolly's homespun linen were coarse enough to see and count easily, and they found that they could embroider directly on the linen. They counted three threads each way for a stitch. If the linen had been finer, it would have been necessary to baste a piece of thin, coarsely woven cloth like scrim over the linen, and then sew through that into the linen, pulling the threads of the scrim out from under the embroidery when it was finished.

They decided to make their samplers about eighteen inches by twelve inches, as they felt that would be a good size for framing.

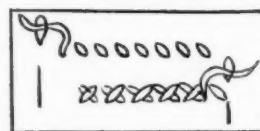
"You'd better leave about two inches on each side," said Aunt Lolly, "so you'll have plenty of material on the edges for mounting."

"I'd better overcast the edges, too," said Marjorie, "so the linen won't ravel into the embroidery."

By the time the blazing glory of the sunset

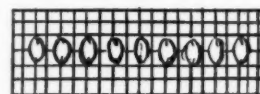
was lighting up the west window, they were ready to start sewing. Their designs were not entirely completed, for, as Marjorie said, "We'll be sure to think up new things to put in while we're working."

Aunt Lolly then showed her how to make the stitch, how to bring the thread up from underneath the cloth and make slanting stitches over three threads straight across the design to be worked. These stitches formed



the first parts of the crosses. To complete the crosses, she made similar, slanting stitches across the first ones, returning to the starting point. She was careful not to knot the thread, but started by making a few tiny running stitches along the line where the cross stitches were to be made.

Aunt Lolly also showed Marjorie how the stitches should be kept even and regular. Except where the design was intricate, the



stitches on the under side of the material were straight up and down and evenly spaced.

As the sunset faded, Annie came in to turn on the lights. She chuckled to herself as she looked down on two heads bent close together over the card table, silver and brown making a picture in the soft light.

"Embroiderin' their thoughts, is they?" she murmured softly. "I sho' hopes they do, 'cause the thoughts 'at come out of dem heads is bound to mek a purty picture—jes' bound to."

CAROL'S WINTER ROBIN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

zled. "Are they rare?" she queried. "I thought—"

Nobody was so rude as to laugh and Miss Gerald explained. "Not a bit rare in summer, Carol. And they do, once in a great while, winter here. That's what Nina meant."

The bird list grew fairly long as noon approached. The patrol had hiked a long way, sometimes in thick woods, sometimes in one of the open glades or shrubby clearings of the forest preserve. When Miss Gerald, glancing at her wrist watch, said it was noon, they stopped for lunch. Building a fire in the wet woods was not as easy as Sue had promised, but, after considerable coaxing, a blaze was started at which they could warm cold hands and over which hot dogs on pointed sticks sizzled merrily. How good those hot dogs tasted, shut inside buttered buns! Afterward, the fire having been carefully extinguished, Bluebird Patrol started on with renewed enthusiasm.

But for some reason the bird list stopped growing, then and there. The woods at this point were thick with dark pines, and the day seemed chillier and less friendly. Apparently all the birds had flown away to look for a warmer place, probably the south edge of the preserve, miles away. For a while the patrol hiked on in silence, stopping now and then to look into the tree tops and to listen.

Finally Miss Gerald, feeling her responsi-

bility, voiced what everybody was privately thinking. "Girls, I think we'd better turn back now. It's half-past two. We're just as likely to see birds on our way home, as if we go further."

"That's a keen idea, Big Boss!" declared Sue with obvious relief. "Let's take this trail over to the highway. It'll be easier to walk in to town on the pavement. My feet are just killing me, they're so cold and tired."

"So are mine," confessed Sheila. "But, Sue, that's not the way to the highway. It's over this way, isn't it, Nina?" And she pointed in a different direction.

"Are we lost?" inquired Carol eagerly. "Grand! I've always wanted to get lost in a big woods! The only time I ever got lost at all was in Chicago, when I was a little girl, and a policeman took me right home and spoiled my fun!"

The possibility Carol suggested didn't sound so funny to Miss Gerald, or to the other girls. Although the young leader was a newcomer, she had a very good idea of the great size of the forest, and she knew that her girls were too tired to relish the idea of wandering for hours, trying to find their way out. She looked up at the sky to get her bearings, but found that soft, gray clouds had been gathering, and the sun was nowhere to be seen.

"Sheila, let's see your compass," she said.

"We're west of town, and the highway runs along the north edge of the preserve. I think Sue's right about this trail."

Sheila reached into her sweater pocket and brought out her notebook, two pencils, and a handkerchief. But no compass.

"I must have forgotten it. Nina told me to bring it." Her voice was full of apology.

"Never mind," said Miss Gerald reassuringly. "We aren't lost, of course, I think we'd better try Sue's trail first. Come on—no use standing here and freezing."

But Sue's trail ended in a tiny clearing surrounded by a thicket of brambles.

"Girls," cried Nina, "it's snowing! Listen!"

They could all hear the faint ticking sound of hard little pellets of sleety snow on the dead leaves. Presently larger flakes were falling, too—the snow could be felt and seen as well as heard. On four faces began to show growing anxiety—but not for a moment on Carol's! City-bred girl that Carol was, she did not realize that this might be something more than a lark. While all the rest stood wondering what to do next, Carol suddenly began to dance and caper around the clearing where the trail had ended, shouting at the top of her lungs, "Hi-bo! Hi-bo! We're lost in the woods! Somebody come and find the lost patrol! Oh, what fun! I'll never—never—never go back to Chicago!"

How strange her (Continued on page 49)



Hardly Ever

A bookkeeper who was hunting for a secretary was interviewing applicants for the job. A very pretty girl presented herself at his office, and he asked her if she had ever kept books.

"Not very often," replied the girl, blushing. "I usually return them."—*Sent by ELIZABETH WINTHROP VIETS, Plymouth, Massachusetts.*

Weak Spot

MOUNTAINEER (taking son to school): My boy's arter larn-in'. What hev you got?

TEACHER: We have classes in arithmetic, algebra, geometry, trigonometry, English, Latin, and so forth.

MOUNTAINEER: Give him some of that thar triggernometry—he's the worst shot in the family.—*Sent by MARY PEARSON, Montevallo, Alabama.*

For the Bride

They were discussing a wedding present, a silver butter dish, which they were sending off that morning.

"What shall we put on the card?" asked the wife.

"Oh," said the husband, preoccupied with his paper, "the usual thing, I guess; or you might just say, 'For butter—or worse.'"—*Sent by ANN PATRICK, Springfield, Illinois.*



Good Advice

FATHER: I don't know what to do about my son. He says he wants to be a racing motorist.

FRIEND: If that's the case, you'd better not stand in his way.—*Sent by EUDORA GOFF, Warren, Pennsylvania.*

The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month

No Gift



MOTHER: Who gave you that black eye?

SMALL SON: Nobody gave it to me, Mom. I had to fight for it!—*Sent by MARILYNN ROGERS, Bakersfield, California.*

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

two thumbs over, with this brick, and the breadth of my hand, and my arm from here to there bar the finger nails.—*Sent by RUBY ALMGREN, North Wilbraham, Massachusetts.*



Brain Work

TEACHER: Billy, what is an octopus?
BILLY: It's a—a—a cat with eight sides.—*Sent by MARY A. BRUNNER, Washington, D.C.*

No Doubt

BELLE: How far did you go through school?
NELL: About two and a half miles each way.
BELLE: No, I mean what grade?
NELL: Oh, uphill most of the way.—*Sent by HOPE HARSHAW, Winnetka, Illinois.*

At the Dude Ranch

COWBOY: And we use this rope for ketchin' cows.
EASTERNEER: And what do you use for bait?
—*Sent by ELAINE TEITELBAUM, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.*

On His Way

COLORED LABORER: Boss, will yo' give me twenty-five cents advance on mah time? Our preacher at de meetin' house is gwine away, and we wants to give him a little momentum.—*Sent by MARTHA LEE REAMS, Toledo, Ohio.*

Exact

A country boy got a job in a shipyard. The first morning the foreman gave him a two-foot rule and told him to go and measure a large steel plate. The boy returned in twenty minutes.

"What's the size?" inquired the foreman.

The youth displayed a satisfied grin. "It's just the length of this rule," he said, "and

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March 13—MONDAY, P. M.

1:15-1:30
WEAF
(Red)

Let's Talk it Over.—Alma Kitchell, the N.B.C. concert singer and mistress of ceremonies will interview Crestwood, N. Y., Girl Scouts who will also sing four songs accompanied by a Girl Scout orchestra.

March 15—WEDNESDAY, P. M.

4:15-4:45
WABC

Girl Scouts 1939 Birthday Celebration Party—presented by Columbia Broadcasting System and Girl Scout National Headquarters, with Mrs. Herbert Hoover, Mrs. Frederick H. Brooke, Girl Scouts, Jessica Drag-onette, Morton Downey, Alice Frost, and Nila Mack participating.

March 16—THURSDAY, P. M.

9:00-10:00
WEAF
(Red)

Good News of 1939—Fanny Brice and her father in a "Baby Snooks" black-out about Girl Scouting.

If you wish information about starting a GIRL SCOUT TROOP—write to Girl Scouts, Inc., attention Field Division, 14 West 49th Street, New York, N. Y.

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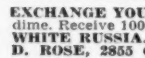


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FREE!!!

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THE first United States commemorative of 1939 made its appearance at San Francisco on February eighteenth. Called the Golden Gate International Exposition commemorative, it is of the three cent denomination printed in purple ink. The central design shows a reproduction of the "Tower of the Sun" which is one of the outstanding architectural features of the Exposition. At the base of the central design is a large number "3" and, superimposed on this numeral is the word "Cents," with the dates "19" and "39" in white within small squares at the left and right, respectively. At the top and sides of the stamp appears the wording "United States Postage" at the left, "Golden Gate" at the top, and "International Exposition" at the right.

Of great interest to all stamp collectors is the forthcoming visit to Canada and the United States of Their Majesties, the King and Queen of England. Canada has already announced definitely that three stamps will be issued as a special commemorative set. One of these three stamps will contain the portraits of the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose. The King and Queen will have their portraits shown together on another of the stamps. No date of issue had been announced at the time this column went to press.

One of the most amazing "finds" in United States postage stamps, during the last ten years, occurred last May at a post office in Brooklyn, New York. Most collectors will remember that, in connection with National Air Mail week, the Post Office Department issued a special bi-colored six cent air mail stamp, on May fourteenth, at St. Petersburg, Florida, and Dayton, Ohio. In order to produce sufficient stamps to supply all post offices in the country after midnight on that day, the Bureau of Engraving and Printing had to work twenty-four hours a day.

Two stamp collectors visited the Brooklyn post office the day the stamps were sold there and asked for certain plate positions. The clerk at the stamp window very generously let them look at a newly opened package containing fifty sheets. Looking through the sheets, the two collectors noticed that, while ten of the sheets appeared to be perfectly normal, the other forty sheets in the package were perforated vertically but were imperforate horizontally. They handed back the ten normal sheets, purchasing the remaining forty sheets at three dollars per sheet, as there were fifty six-cent stamps in each.

They did not at the time fully realize the value of their find because they used several of the stamps on first day covers from Brooklyn. However, they have recently turned over all of the sheets to a group of stamp dealers who are offering them for sale in the open market at a price of twenty-five hundred dollars for a complete sheet, or one hundred dollars for a vertical pair of the two stamps. A vertical pair is the smallest unit showing the lack of perforation.

No explanation has come from the Post Office Department as to how this error could have occurred but it is thought that, because of the terrific pressure under which the Bureau of Engraving and Printing was working at the time, the sheets were perforated vertically in proper routine but were packaged without being perforated horizontally.

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103 all diff. from every corner of world: triangle & diamond stamps, bicolors, ships, ODD COUNTRIES like Caribbean, Africa, Australia, Schleswig, Surinam, South Sea Islands, Zanzibar, etc. Also 100 U. S. A. commemoratives, civil war issues, battleship Maine, \$1, \$2 & \$5 high values, etc. Sounds impossible, but everything listed value \$2.00 with lists & approvals, sent exactly as described—for only 5c! **ABELL STAMP CO.**, 1618-F St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

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PANDORA'S BOX

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

all!" said Ann. Then, to Dorie, "And you can't withdraw! You've got to enter your box, too!"

"Are you crazy?" asked Dorie. She pointed to Ann's box. "You can't enter *that*!" Then, "I guess you're just joking!"

"I'm not joking!" said Ann, strongly.

The next morning, in arts and crafts class, Ann felt everyone pitying her. But, head high and smiling, she took her print from the table drawer. If only her plan would work! She picked up her scissors and began to cut out the print. Suddenly Dorie West was beside her.

"Couldn't you leave a margin around the print—so it would cover the marks a little more when you paste it on?" Dorie asked.

Ann shook her head. A white, glaring margin around the print would spoil the whole effect of the box. Carefully she trimmed off every bit of margin. She even cut off a little of the print itself. Then she pasted it on the top of her now dry box.

Dorie, still beside her, whispered, "Miss Griswold won't let me withdraw as long as you're still in the contest. I hate to think you're staying in just to show me up!"

"I'm not!" said Ann. "I think I have a chance to win! That's the only reason I'm in!"

"Please don't keep on!" begged Dorie. "You haven't a chance and you know it! And I just couldn't bear to win—under the circumstances! Please, Ann! I'll make it up to you in a hundred ways if you'll forgive me this once!"

Ann looked up quickly, seeing another person in Dorie's body. Dorie was sorry. There wasn't any doubt of that now.

I'll make it up to you in a hundred ways. Glenville could be such a different place with her and Dorie friends! But the job! If she had a chance at the job, money of her own all summer—

"I really can't give it up," she said. "I do think I have a chance. Honestly."

"Very well," replied Dorie. Not angrily. Not resentfully. Just in a sort of hurt manner.

Quickly Ann opened the bottle of shellac. She began to shellac the box, print and all.

"The marks show more than ever," mourned Mary Orton when it was entirely shellacked. "It's just a shame!"

"A moment, girls!" Miss Griswold commanded the attention of the class. "Will each girl please write on a slip of paper exactly what she has hoped to accomplish in this project—enumerate the points which make your box different from all others. When the boxes are dry, the slips will go inside and be considered by me for grading and by the judges for the contest."

The room began to buzz immediately.

Ann, at her table, started her list, mentioning first how she had mixed the color to blend in with the orange sunset of the print. Then she wrote something else. Quickly she folded the paper.

"It's just got to turn out right!" she thought.

ON Friday the arts and crafts class occupied the first row in assembly, because it was arts and crafts day and the president of the school board was going to announce the winner of the box contest. Dorie slid into a seat beside Ann.

"Everybody thinks," she whispered, "that I'm going to get the prize." Then, in a still lower voice, "You've made it pretty hard for me—getting even this way. But I'm not going to accept the prize, do you understand? I'm going to walk straight up to that platform and tell the whole school I refuse it! Refuse it, do you hear?"

"I wasn't trying to get even," Ann insisted. "I really—"

"Well, that's the way things are!" said Dorie.

Already the president of the school board had walked to the platform past the large table on which were displayed all the boxes the class had made. The other two judges, the principal and Miss Griswold, followed him. They sat down in a row facing the audience. Presently the principal rose and called the assembly together. A number by the orchestra was followed by the singing of the school song, and several announcements. Then the principal introduced Miss Griswold who told about the new arts and crafts class, about the contest idea of the president of the school board, Mr. Carter, and how more had been accomplished than even she had expected. Then came the president

of the school board himself, who cleared his throat several times and said how much he appreciated the school's attitude toward the class, and how proud he was to-day to offer the winner of the box contest a summer job in the gift shop.

Breathlessly, Ann watched Mr. Carter's face.

But Mr. Carter cleared his throat again and began to speak of something which seemed to be along an entirely different line of thought. "There was one box which, from the outside, seemed to have possibilities, except for two marks on the top."

Ann's heart fell. Then it hadn't worked! "Oh, it's a shame!" Helen Farr, on her left, whispered.

Mr. Carter cleared his throat again. "The contest calls for the most unusual box, you will remember. So—" he said, walking over to the table of boxes and picking up Ann's orange box—"so this one has that distinction."

A gasp of surprise came from the first row. "Oh, he's made a mistake! He's picked up the wrong one!"

But the next moment Mr. Carter was saying, "And this is why Miss Ann Morehouse wins the contest." From inside the box he took the slip of paper upon which Ann had written the outstanding points of the box. From it he read, "*The marks on the top of the box are the fingerprints of the designer.*"

Ann heard riotous applause, and saw the judges and the principal and Miss Griswold beaming down upon her. But there was something else, too, something that made her even happier than the prospect of the summer job. It was a sudden grabbing of her arm by Dorie, and Dorie's fingernails digging into her flesh.

"Ann!" Dorie said. It was something like a sob. "It's the narrowest escape I ever had!" And then she gave Ann a little push. "For goodness' sake, girl, go up to the platform," she prompted. "Go up and accept what belongs to you!"

Looking down from the platform, Ann saw that Dorie's hands joined in the applause—wild applause—as if Ann had belonged to the school all her life.

CAROL'S WINTER ROBIN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

merriment sounded, there in the darkening forest on that gloomy January afternoon! But there was something heartening about her foolishness. The others tried to laugh, too, and Miss Gerald started on again, through the bushes, in another direction.

Just then something stopped them short. A sound far off among the trees, a sorrowful, wailing sound. What could it be? Had Carol's shouts waked some wild forest creature from its daytime sleep?

"Wait! Listen!" cried Nima, laying a detaining hand on Miss Gerald's sleeve.

"It's another bird," Carol giggled. "It's that exciting bird we've been looking for. Get out your lists, girls! I'll bet it's a dodo!"

But the three girls who had always lived in Norville paid no attention to her chatter. Their scalps prickled, for they were remembering those persistent stories about panthers in the preserve—stories Mell laughed at.

When the eerie sound came once again, Carol declared, "I'm going straight on to see what that bird is! Aren't there owls that make funny noises? Maybe it's something that will win the prize for our list. Come along! I'll find the birdie, but the rest of you will have to identify it!"

Somehow—though it appeared the sensible thing to do would be to hurry as fast as possible in the opposite direction—the others found themselves trailing after Carol, straight towards the spot from which the mysterious sound had seemed to come. The sleety snow was driving into their faces, it was beginning to be twilight under the pines through which Carol was leading the way.

Here and there the pines gave place to other little clearings, shrubby with brambles and hazel. As the girls stopped once more to listen, Carol began again to shout that merry, "*Hi-bo! Hi-bo! Hi-bo!*" Rather tremu-

lously, the others took up her call. And instantly the chorus of voices was answered—answered by that same pitiful, wailing cry, now only a little way ahead.

"Girls!" shrieked Sheila, "I know what that is! I know what that is!" She tore away ahead of the rest, struggling through a thicket of fierce briars that blocked the way, and disappeared behind the curtain of twilight and falling snow. They followed her as fast as they could.

When they overtook Sheila, they found her on her knees on the snowy ground, laughing and crying over something that wriggled frantically in her arms, and whined and licked her hands and face. For though, to Robin Hood, Merrill was best-beloved, Sister Sheila was part of the family, too, and Robin's dumb heart was almost breaking with joy that she had found him.

"See!" cried Sue. "He's been dragging a

chain and it got tangled in these bushes and held him fast!"

"Poor boy!" grieved Miss Gerald, stroking the fine head and gaunt sides. "Let's look him all over, Sheila, and see if he's hurt in any way." But tender examination of the dog revealed nothing wrong, except that Robin was thin as a rail and that his beautiful white coat was dirty and matted with burrs, and here and there streaked with blood from bramble scratches.

As soon as they had managed to loosen the tangled chain which, for days perhaps, had held him there, Robin shook himself joyfully and started through the woods, in a direction none of the party had thought of as a possible one for home! Sheila clutched the chain just in time; in another minute, the white setter would have been off and away, bound for home and Mell.

"Wait, boy!" she commanded. "You've got to take us home, too! We're lost, Robin, but you know the way! Home, Robin Hood!"

And Robin took them home! Straight through Sherwood Forest he went, dragging Sheila after him, while the rest panted after. Quite out of breath, they came out at last on the State highway, only half a mile from the

Hood's house. Robin's exhaustion began to be evident now, for he could no longer gallop at full speed as his excitement had enabled him to do when he was first set free. Wearily but steadily he plodded along, while Bluebird Patrol limped after. The early winter twilight was gone now, and it had become quite dark.

Sheila's mother and brother were waiting anxiously, out on the lighted porch of the big white house.

"We're all right, Mother!" cried Sheila out of the shadows. "We're all here! And, oh, Mell, we've brought—"

But before she could finish her sentence, Robin Hood had wrenched the chain from her hand and was dashing up the steps and straight into the arms of his master.

A hot supper had long been waiting on the stove, and as soon as the excitement of the home-coming was over, they sat down happily to eat. All but Mell. He lay on the rug in front of the fire beside his dog, feeding Robin the small bites of food that alone would be safe at first, after his days of starvation. Mell had discovered a tag of frayed rope tied to the end of the chain he had loosened from

Robin's collar. Evidently the thieves had not reckoned on the dog's intelligence, had not thought of his knowing enough to follow back the six feet of chain that tethered him till he found the rope to which it had been attached. Of that rope his sharp teeth had made short work. Nobody would ever know how far away Robin had been, or how long it had been before he freed himself and started home. But Mell did know and would never forget, that, if Bluebird Patrol of Rosemary Troop hadn't found his dog, Robin would have died of cold and starvation in the forest.

Miss Gerald and the girls took turns telling about their adventures.

"And you know, Mrs. Hood," said Nina earnestly, "Carol was a real Girl Scout. She's younger than any of us and she's always lived in the city, but she wasn't a bit scared—not by being lost, nor by the snow, nor by that queer noise Robin made."

"Wasn't I just!" Carol exclaimed. "Mrs. Hood, I was the worst scared of the lot!"

"Anyhow," declared Sue, "if it hadn't been for Carol, Bluebird Patrol would never in the world have wound up its winter bird list with a Robin!"

AMERICAN PAINTERS SERIES—JOHN SINGER SARGENT 1856-1925

DR. FRIZ WILLIAM SARGENT, a successful Philadelphia surgeon, married, in 1850, Mary Newbold Singer, daughter of a cultured and wealthy Philadelphia family. Mary Singer was vivacious and charming, an accomplished musician and an artist whose water colors were much admired by her friends. About four years after her marriage Mrs. Sargent persuaded her husband to retire from his practice, which had by this time made him a man of independent means, and to take up residence in Europe; and in the year 1856, in Florence where the Sargents had taken a house, their third child, John Singer Sargent, was born. The two older children, girls, died very young and John was brought up with his younger sisters, Emily and Violet, to whom he was devoted all his life.

The family did not settle down in one spot for very long, but continued to travel. Even as a boy of nine, John's letters to his chum, Ben Castillo, show his keen observation and his insistent desire to record what he saw in the sketch book which seems to have been his constant companion.

It had been the doctor's intention that his son should have a naval career, but Mrs. Sargent was soon convinced of John's undoubted artistic ability and, by the time he was thirteen, it was decided that he should study to be a painter. For the next several years in Florence, where the Sargents spent their winters, he was a member of the life classes of the *Accademia Delle Belle Arti*. When he was eighteen the family moved to Paris so that he might become a pupil at the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*. He was a prodigious worker, breakfasting early, working all day at the studio, and even attending classes at night.

Shortly afterward, Sargent entered the studio of Carolus Duran who was, at that time, the most popular portrait painter in Paris. Duran had fallen under the spell of Velasquez and continually urged his pupils to study the Spanish master. Another of Duran's maxims was the suppression of all that was not essential to the main purpose of the composition and the importance of the handling of values and half-tones. These teachings he passed on to the pupil who was soon to outstrip the master.

Sargent's faculty of observation and keen analysis, and the extraordinary facility and technical dexterity by which he could transfer to canvas exactly what he saw, made him a brilliant pupil for whom a great future was predicted. And indeed, before he was twenty, he had painted several pictures that were highly acclaimed. He was only twenty-one when his portrait of Miss Watts was accepted by the Salon and very well received by the critics.

About this time, with his mother and his sister Emily, he made his first trip to the United States. Although he never lived in America, he was always proud of his American citizenship, traveling extensively in this country and devoting a great part of his life to the decorations for the Boston Library. For the next ten years he continued to travel, making his headquarters in Paris and exhibiting each year at the Salon with increasing prestige. From

the beginning his portraits were in demand by the wealthy and fashionable. He traveled much in Spain, doing landscapes and Spanish dancers. A painting of a Spanish dance, "El Jaleo," one of his most famous, belongs to this period.

When the painter was about twenty-eight, he planned a most ambitious undertaking for the Salon of 1884. He had persuaded Madame Gautier, a famous Parisian beauty, to pose for him. The result was a striking portrait which, nevertheless, provoked an uproar from the critics because of the daring costume and the unfamiliar techniques in handling lighting and flesh tones. Here and there a voice was raised, recognizing the portrait for the masterpiece it was. (Years later it was bought by the Metropolitan Museum in New York.) Sargent, though confident of the merit of his work, was distressed by the clamor and decided to take advantage of an opening in London.

He established himself in Tite Road in a studio which had formerly belonged to Whistler. Later he spent a very happy summer in rural England with Edwin Austin Abbey, the Millets, Henry James, and other congenial spirits. Then it was that he painted his famous "Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose" which shows two fair-haired girls dressed in white against a background of lilies and roses, in the strange lighting of soft twilight and Chinese lanterns. Sargent was very successful with children, as this and the delightful painting, "The Daughters of Edward Boit," which is reproduced as our frontispiece this month, amply testify.

In 1897 Sargent was made a member of the Royal Academy. He was very successful in water color as well as in oils, giving a depth and substance to this light medium. His great fame, however, rests on his portraits. He was a realist, painting what he saw with such keen analysis of character that his subjects were sometimes appalled at the results. He used a broad, sweeping stroke with a brush heavily loaded with paint. Like the Impressionists, he was greatly interested in theories of light. His technical skill was such that polished wood, gleaming satin, rich laces, soft, smooth-glowing skin shone from his canvases with no sign of the means used to attain the end—an ability which Whistler has called one of the requisites of great painting.

John Singer Sargent was a man of ruddy complexion, with a dark beard and mustache and keen blue eyes behind glasses. He was a good linguist, a capable musician, an excellent conversationalist, and an amusing companion among his circle of close friends, though shy and almost inarticulate among strangers. He was modest, kindly, considerate, and generous—giving not only of his money, with which he was always free, but also of himself to help a friend in need—and he was always willing to go out of his way to encourage and to advance the career of a young artist or musician. He never married and spent much of his time with his sister, Emily, in London. His life was a singularly fortunate one, with an absence of conflict rare in the life of a great man.

M.C.

"The Year's at the Spring"



"I'll answer the bell," said Joan. "You're too sniffly yet to get into a draft." She dashed downstairs, and Jean, from her bedroom, heard the opening and shutting of the front door. In another moment Joan was beside her, a large parcel wrapped in green paper in her arms.

"For you," she panted, "from the florist's."

"Take time out to get your breath, old dear," advised Jean. "You've been running upstairs again." She took the package. "Thanks a lot for going down. Wonder what this is?" Stripping off the wrapping, she uttered a pleased exclamation as the sunny glow of yellow tulips was revealed, the pot crisply swathed in green crêpe paper.

"Well, bless their little hearts! Aren't they the gayest, sauciest things? And here's the card. Look at this, Jo! The Dramatic Club hopes I'll be back soon, and these tulips are to cheer me up. Well, I call that pretty sweet of the kids."

● "You're lucky to be ill so near Easter," remarked her friend sagely. "Bet you'll get a lot more flowers."

"Hope I do," said Jean frankly. "I love 'em. Where'll I put these?"

"Over here on the window sill would be a good place," said Joan, glancing around the pretty bedroom. "They're lovely with your chintz, Jinny."

The plant disposed to their satisfaction, the girls settled themselves in low chairs, Jean with her knitting, Joan with the April AMERICAN GIRL.

"Let's see," Joan said. "Where were we?"

"We were discussing *Comfortable Homes Are Safe Homes*, by Florence Nelson," Jean reminded her.

"So we were! And that ought to be a mighty useful article. Avoiding indoor accidents is just as necessary as preventing outdoor ones," said Joan. "Curious, isn't it, that so many accidents can happen in houses? You'd think if you were safe anywhere, it would be at home." She turned the pages. "Here's another nature article by Raymond S. Deck. This one is about water life. And aren't the photographs beautiful!" She held up the magazine.

● Jean put down her knitting. "They sure are. It'll be fun to have that if we go to camp this summer. What else is there?"

"A nice article by Hazel Rawson Cades on *Good Looks Tools and Their Care*. The kind of brush and comb to buy, the right kind of toothbrush—and how to keep your grooming things in good condition."

"I need that," sighed Jean. "Does Miss Cades say anything about neat bureau drawers? Mine are always in such a mess—but perhaps that article will reform me."

Her chum grinned. "She does

speak of that—must have had you in mind." Then she added, "The stories look exciting. There's a Midge story called *Wedding Belles*, with the cutest pictures by Merle Reed; and another Molly Blake story by Neola Tracy Lane—there are horses in it."

"Let's have a look," said Jean. She reached for the magazine. "The illustrations are by Alice Caddy. Aren't they nice? A delicate touch, but so sure." Leafing through, she scanned each page. "*The Road to Freedom*, by Emily Hopkins Drake," she read. "That looks like a historical story—and it's by the author of *The Trumbull Spunk*, that thrilling tale about the Erie Canal. Remember?" Suddenly she gave a little cry of delight. "Look who's here! Em and Kip! And in a three-part serial, no less—*Something to Remember*. Isn't that a peach of a title? Let's read that, Jo, before we do a single other thing."

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